

## **Dreams of Steven Collier from 1972 through 1979**

### **Dream of: 02 November 1972 "Hallelua"**

I was in a house in Columbus, Ohio where my friend Randy Ramey and his friend Ted were living. After a while, I left the house and went for a walk. The surroundings outside did not seem like Columbus.

I had been fasting and was quite weak; nevertheless I continued walking until I reached a music store. I stepped inside, began shopping, and ended up buying a violin for \$30. I also bought four books, two of which were music books for beginning violin and saxophone. I was charged 25 cents for each quarter pound of books -- the total price came to \$7.

I placed the books in a large metal box to carry home; but I had difficulty toting everything. Since I was so weak from fasting, I decided to leave the violin at the store and return for it later. As soon as I left the store I also set down the box and left it behind.

I continued walking until I reached a large beautiful park filled with trees and people. I was so weak I could hardly walk. I fell down and the people passing me thought I was intoxicated from alcohol or drugs. A small girl walked by and said, "Why don't you straighten up? Start your life over now. It's not too late."

I pulled myself up and half-walked, half-crawled to a bench. People were sitting on several other park benches nearby. I took off my brown leather jacket and laid it on the bench beside me. Right in front of me was a little tree with a beautiful little brown bird chirping a

wonderful song—I thought I had never seen anything quite so pretty.

A gray cat which apparently belonged to someone nearby walked up and climbed the tree until it was almost on top the bird. I was sure the bird saw the cat, but the bird made no attempt to escape. The cat reached out its paw, slapped the bird and knocked off a few feathers. As the bird fell from the tree, I thought, "Good. It'll get away now."

The bird flew back to the cat and sat down next to it. The cat reached out its paw, grabbed the bird by the neck and squeezed. I was terrified. No one did anything to stop the cat as it carried the bird from the tree to the ground. When the cat (which began to look more like a large dog) started to put the bird into its mouth, I thought the bird was finished.

From the pocket of my brown leather jacket (lying beside me) I extracted a hairbrush, stood up and threw the brush at the dog. The dog was startled, the bird flew away and I sat back down. The dog walked over to me and I started petting it. It reminded me of my pet Dalmatian, Dac, and for a moment I even thought it was Dac. Even after I realized the dog was not Dac, I still somehow thought I had bought the dog somewhere and that it belonged to me.

Suddenly I heard a noise which sounded like a jet; I looked up and saw a cylinder (which sounded and looked like a bomb) flying low overhead. I thought the cylinder was going to hit us, but it flew on by. Something fell from the cylinder as it passed -- a parachute opened in the sky

and landed nearby in another section of the park. At the same time I heard a loud explosion in the distance.

I wanted to see who had been in the parachute. I asked a girl sitting with her mother and father on a bench next to mine if she would watch my jacket for me. She said she wouldn't -- she likewise wanted to go see the parachute. She said I could leave the jacket with her mother and father.

I did so. As the girl and I walked across the park together, she helped me along because I was still weak. I felt as if I were in love with her. When we reached the place where the parachute had landed, we found a large number of people gathered in a wide circle for a religious meeting. The man in the parachute had landed right in the middle of the circle. He wore a uniform with a patch over his heart with the letters ASA, which I thought stood for "Area of South Asia;" I also thought war had begun.

The people were singing loudly and beautifully—I also wanted to sing. The only word I could distinguish was "Hallelua." I cried and the girl comforted me. Still weeping, I became weak and fell to the ground. The girl sat down beside me—I knew she loved me.

### **Dream of: 15 June 1973 "Life's Rosy Road"**

I was looking at what appeared to be a child's valentine card which Donald Skaggs (a Portsmouth, Ohio acquaintance) had sent me. On the outside was a picture of a bear holding something red. I opened it and saw Donald had written a few lines inside.

He said he was in Canada and wrote, "We ought to communicate. Did you get accepted at Harvard? I know that some who applied don't know yet. Write back when you find out."

Underneath his writing was a printed passage on the card. It started out, "When along life's rosy road you chance to meet someone whom you remember ..."

Farther at the bottom was another verse printed upside down. In order for it to be read the card had to be turned over.

### **Dream of: 15 June 1973 "Bleak House"**

I had apparently been drafted into the army against my will and was fighting in a war in a jungle in what seemed to be Vietnam. I became disturbed after I shot and killed one of the enemy, and I decided I no longer wanted to fight. I could see the fighting was beginning to have negative effects on my mind.

If I quit fighting I would have to go to the army's jail; so I went to the jail voluntarily to find out what it would be like.

I found a special kind of punishment being used on the prisoners in the jail. It was administered by devices called "hot-boxes," which consisted of small rooms into which a person was placed and then blasted with hot gusts of air.

I stood beside one of the hot boxes, looked inside through a side window, and watched a young man being subjected to this unique punishment. He appeared to be

undergoing excruciating pain and as I gazed into his eyes, I perceived his suffering and began to cry.

I decided I clearly could no longer fight for an institution which would do this to its own people. Being imprisoned myself would be better than fighting. When I went to the office of my superiors and informed them of my decision, they seemed annoyed, but not shocked.

I was promptly led away to a jail which seemed to be somewhere in the United States. When I arrived I first checked to see if the jail had a library and I was happily surprised to find one. I thought I could spend my time reading in jail - perhaps I could even read in a hot box if I were put in one.

I checked out a book from the library entitled *Bleak House* which I thought had been written by Charles Dickens. I was then led to the prisoners' quarters which consisted of a large hall in which were housed 100-200 prisoners. It was beginning to seem more and more as if I were in a Nazi-type concentration camp rather than in a prison run by my own country.

I was greeted in the prisoners' quarters by an old comrade whom I had seen for quite a while who had fought beside me earlier in the jungles. He ran to me and embraced me. We walked around together and I felt as if he were my close comrade.

I was soon surprised to find some females also imprisoned with us. I met and began talking with a young attractive girl with long frizzy hair who reminded me of someone I had known at The Ohio State University named Kathy.

For some reason she told me she had to make a grade average of 1.0 to leave. I showed her my grade report which was stuck in my book. When she saw I had made a 3.8 average she began calling me "the brain."

I next learned that some hot boxes were in the Philippines and that the prisoners were going to be transported there. We were supposed to board some airplanes and everyone began to leave. I walked outside and saw more buildings similar to the one in which I had been. Swarms of prisoners were streaming out of the building toward the planes. My group began running toward the planes and as I also began running, I felt as if I were flying.

As I looked around I was surprised by the extreme look of emptiness and sadness in the eyes of my fellow prisoners.

### **Dream of: 25 June 1973 "Symposium"**

I was sitting in the kitchen of the House in Patriot; although I couldn't see him, I could hear my uncle George talking in the adjoining room. Apparently some women had called him and said my pet Dalmatian, Dac, which I had lost about a year earlier, was up some hollow. I wanted to go and find him.

Just then I looked outside and saw a car drive up. I did not recognize the person inside at first; but when he stepped from the car I saw he was my first cousin Alan. Although he was 3-4 years older than I, he looked a couple years younger. He walked inside and we shook hands. He then grabbed me by the waist and I grabbed him as if we were wrestling Indian style.

He seemed different than the last time I had seen him; he was wearing makeup and lipstick. I commented about it and I told him he looked good with makeup. That seemed to please him.

He did not seem to be an interesting person. He talked about some dirty movies he had seen and said he had a job in town selling furniture.

On the kitchen table were some books I had been reading, among which was a copy of Plato's *Dialogues*. I showed the book to Alan and said I had just finished reading half of the *Symposium* before he had arrived. He glanced through it and came to a part which said something like, "The more a person eats, the hungrier he gets."

I explained that that meant a person should try to be content with what he has and not want more material things but rather more spiritual.

### **Dream of: 11 August 1973 "Enveloping Water"**

With my father and my mother (in their early 30s), I was visiting my paternal grandmother Mabel and my paternal step-grandfather Clarence in the Gallia County Farmhouse. I felt young being out in the green summertime trees and fields.

I walked out of the Farmhouse and headed down the hill behind the Farmhouse to the old milk house at the bottom of the hill. After I had reached the barn and looked over the stacked hay, my step-grandfather Clarence pulled up on his tractor and announced that he needed to load seventeen bails of hay onto the platform-lift behind the tractor to take to his cattle.

I told him that I would help, but that I first had to urinate. After walking to the side of the barn, I urinated (much longer than usual) and I became engrossed with the sensation – as if I were experiencing a protracted sexual orgasm.

Having finished, I returned to Clarence, helped him load the hay, and then climbed onto the tractor. Another man (whom I did not recognize) stepped up, climbed onto the rear of the tractor with me and sat down. Once the man was seated, he opened his mouth and displayed hair growing inside. When I realized the tractor wasn't moving, I deduced that a hair in the man's mouth had to be pulled to set the tractor in motion; so I reached into his mouth and jerked one of the hairs, whereupon the tractor immediately jolted and we were on our way.

While his four healthy dogs bounded along beside us (two older dogs appeared younger and stronger than usual), Clarence steered the tractor around to Symmes Creek Road in front of the Farmhouse. Clarence then pulled off the Road and into the field at the bottom of the hill in front of the Farmhouse, where muddy Symmes Creek flowed. After Clarence began driving along the edge of the creek, he ventured too close to the edge and the tractor began tumbling over the bank into the water.

Only now (as I managed to slip unharmed off the side) did I notice my father and my step-uncle Ivan (Clarence's son) also on the tractor. They, along with Clarence, were drug into the enveloping creek. Fearing the worst, I sat down on the creek bank and waited for them to re-surface – my terror and fear prevented my jumping into the water to save them.



Finally, I leaped up from the ground and dashed toward the Farmhouse. Running as fast as I could, I reached the Farmhouse, rushed inside and cried to my grandmother and my mother that the tractor had crashed into the creek, that my father, Ivan and Clarence had drowned and that I had been unable to save them because I hadn't known life-saving. My mother rushed from the Farmhouse (with me following) and headed toward the spot where the tragedy had occurred. As my mother and I approached the creek, we heard voices, and I began to harbor hopes that the men had survived.

When we reached the creek, however, we found seven strange men sitting on the bank to the left of where the creek had swallowed the tractor ... seven men brandishing rifles and shotguns. A rotting moose head lay on the ground near the men. When I plaintively asked the men why no one had helped with the accident, they just laughed. When I repeated the question, they continued laughing.

In anger, I picked up some mud and slung it at one man – the mud struck him in the face. When the man in turn picked up his gun, my mother and I ran, and he chased us, back toward the Farmhouse. When I reached the Farmhouse, I raced inside, grabbed one of Clarence's guns, loaded it, and aimed the loaded gun at the man as he antagonistically climbed up the hill in front of the Farmhouse.

My grandmother stood in the room watching the scene; she seemed ancient and completely disconcerted by the events.

**Dream of: 30 August 1973 "Smashed Guitar"**

Anderson (a classmate with whom I became friends while we both attended high school in my home town of Portsmouth, Ohio, in the late 1960s) and I (along with a third heavily built person) were standing on a bridge, gazing at the murky water flowing beneath the bridge. A recent flood had washed out much of the bottom land, leaving much debris floating on the surface of the water.

Suddenly we beheld a ghastly sight: a lifeless-looking cow was floating submerged about a half meter below the water's surface. For a better look, we decided to go beneath the bridge to a concrete platform which abutted the edge of the stream.

Anderson was carrying a guitar which someone had lent me. I told Anderson to be careful with the guitar because it would have to be replaced if broken. As we began our descent to the concrete platform under the bridge, Anderson suddenly dropped the guitar; it smashed into splinters and wires. I became quite angry, scolded him and demanded he replace the guitar. He promised he would.

### **Dream of: 07 October 1973 "The Hand Of God"**

A slender vixen with silky raven hair, Birdie stretched languidly beside me on a bed, while my pet Dalmatian,

Dac, lounged below us on the floor. Birdie and I had become intimate over the years, since the time we had first begun dating during our junior year of high school in 1968. As I now snuggled against her, I felt aroused and longed to make love to her. But I knew I shouldn't, for I felt the hand of God tugging my foot, admonishing me not to have sex with Birdie.

The palpability of God's hand on my foot was initially terrifying. But gradually I relaxed, closed my eyes, and found myself rising to a level of consciousness higher than any I had ever experienced. It was as if I had slipped through a passageway from my normal state of mind to a higher plateau of awareness.

As the elevated state of consciousness pervaded me, I was reminded of the powerful way hallucinogenic drugs took effect – and the forces which governed my life seemed to take visible form. Although the images I perceived were shadowy and vague, I was intensely aware of the feelings which the images evoked. When I saw images of Birdie and Dac, I felt love. Others images caused me sorrow and pain; but those images were misty and more difficult to discern. The feeling of sorrow, however, intensified so dramatically that I finally envisioned myself swimming in my own tears.

### **Dream of: 26 November 1973 "Gone With The Wind"**

I was at the Logan Street House. It was Birdie's birthday and I had bought her a copy of Margaret Mitchell's *Gone with the Wind*. The book, falling apart, was quite small and must have been abridged. Birdie did not like the present. I began looking through my other books, trying to find her a better gift and came across a book I had never seen before which contained paintings by a famous artist. Thinking Birdie wouldn't understand the book, I decided to keep it for myself.

### **Dream of: 26 November 1973 (2) "Thumping Sound"**

I was in a car (probably a Volkswagen) which my father was driving. When we suddenly heard a thumping sound, we pulled over. I stepped out of the car, walked to the rear, and discovered the wheels bent out of line and the right rear tire flat.

### **Dream of: 01 December 1973 "Sinking Boats"**

Birdie and I were sitting on a rocky shore by a river or ocean. About 10 meters away - downstream - was the door of a house where my mother was inside cooking a meal.

From where I sat I could discern two boats - one small, one large - on the water. The small boat - a small silver oar-boat which belonged to my father - was floating about 20 meters downstream from us. The other boat - a much larger boat - looked more like a ship; it was about a kilometer from us.

Both boats were having problems. The large ship (due to something which I had done to it) was damaged and was sinking. My father's small oar-boat - buffeted by the waves - finally succumbed, tipped over and sank. The large ship, however, although sinking, still remained afloat.

Most of my attention was directed at Birdie, who was only wearing a pair of purple panties. As she and I gradually became passionate, I slid my fingers over her inside thigh, worked my hand under her panties and began rubbing her vagina. I knelt down on my knees in front of her so my foot was hanging down in some debris between the rocks. I wasn't wearing any pants; Birdie began massaging my penis with her foot. I spread her

legs apart and slid both hands under her panties, one on the left side and one on the right.

At that moment I looked out on the river and saw the large ship sinking fast. It gradually submerged until only one end was sticking out of the water – straight up into the air. Suddenly the boat flipped over onto its upper side, made a tremendous wave and sank. The wave hit the shore and rocked us as if we ourselves were on a boat.

I continued earnestly massaging Birdie's vagina and concentrated on not having a premature ejaculation. Suddenly, however, I ejaculated and sperm fell all about my legs and feet.

I heard my mother calling me to come to eat; at the same time, I noticed my father's small silver oar-boat had resurfaced on the water. I wanted to swim to the boat and recover it. I thought for an instant that my brother Adolph was nearby and that he could help me, but then I noticed a rope connecting the boat to the shore, and I realized swimming out to the boat was unnecessary. I wouldn't need Adolph's help; I could just pull the boat in with the rope.

### **Dream of: 03 December 1973 "Awkward Position"**

I picked up Birdie somewhere and together we absconded to the Gallia County Farmhouse. My grandmother Mabel was in the House when we arrived; although my grandmother did not say anything about it, she knew Birdie was married.

After Birdie and I had sat down in the front room, Birdie peered through the front door window and exclaimed

that her father, Bishop, was driving up the road. His arrival terrified us both. Birdie and I quickly decided we must hide; we hustled up the stairs. We went into a closet in an upstairs bedroom where a square hole approximately 50 by 50 centimeters in the ceiling led to the attic. I removed a piece of wood (blocking the way) from the upper side of the hole, and then helped Birdie through.

I then walked back downstairs and excitedly told my grandmother I needed her to load a gun for me. She said a gun was already loaded in the gun case. I fetched the gun, which looked like a shotgun. However, the shells weren't shotgun shells, but long, gold, metal shells.

When Bishop arrived at the front door, my grandmother opened the door. Bishop walked in and informed my grandmother that he was looking for Birdie and that she had stolen a gun of his. With the rifle across my shoulders, I walked into the room and told Bishop that before I had come to the Farm I had left Birdie in downtown Portsmouth, Ohio. He appeared disbelieving, but he said all right, and he departed.

My grandmother accompanied Bishop to his car at the bottom of the hill in front of the Farmhouse, and then she started back up the hill toward the Farmhouse. Meanwhile, I returned to the upstairs and helped Birdie from the attic. We walked back downstairs into the living room where, like a fool, Birdie stood in front of the window where she could be seen. Bishop (who hadn't yet left) was looking toward the Farmhouse right at that moment; I was sure he saw Birdie.

As I looked toward Bishop's car, I noticed a small child (perhaps 10 years old) in the car with him. The child (which I had never seen before) had blond hair.

When the car finally pulled away, I saw it wasn't leaving, but simply circling to the other side of the House. I became frightened; Bishop must have some devious plot in mind.

After hustling Birdie back upstairs, I glanced through an upstairs window; the car was now being driven by the child, while Bishop was sneaking around the barn at the top of the hill, obviously trying to see us. I hurried Birdie back through the hole into the attic and then, carrying the rifle, I walked back downstairs, where I found Bishop lurking on the front porch.

My gun became un-cocked and a bullet clogged in the mechanism. I put a new bullet in the gun and re-cocked it. Bishop stepped inside and stood in front of me. He then began going through the House and he finally headed upstairs. He went to the closet where the hole to the attic was located and he began to push the wood panel back from the hole. I aimed my rifle at him.

Before firing, however, I tried to decide what I would do with Bishop's body and what I would tell the police. Because Birdie was married, she and I were in an awkward position.

### **Dream of: 05 December 1973 "Finished With Drugs"**

While sitting in a classroom somewhere on the campus of The Ohio State University, I glanced through a window encased in a door leading to a hallway, and saw

my friend Steve Weinstein standing on the other side of the door. After I walked over to the window and tapped it, Weinstein turned toward me, opened the door and walked into the classroom.

After we had both sat down, I noticed that Weinstein seemed to have aged since I had last seen him. When I asked him what he was doing in Columbus, he avoided the question, but he acted as if he hadn't come to see me.

We began talking about drugs and Weinstein told me he had been smoking and selling marijuana. He also said that he was selling some LSD called "purple barrel" and that he just happened to have a tablet of purple barrel with him. When he asked if I would like to try it, I said no, that I was finished with drugs.

When my friend Roger Anderson showed up, I quickly learned that Anderson (who appeared to have become Weinstein's new friend) had regularly been smoking the marijuana which Weinstein was selling.

I asked Weinstein about his present scholastic status and he informed me that he had taken a correspondence course at Ohio State. That surprised me, but it surprised me even more when he told me he had failed.

### **Dream of: 10 December 1973 "Bus Station"**

I arrived at the Greyhound bus station in Portsmouth, Ohio on a greyhound bus which parked in the station for a 15 minute stop. As I disembarked I noticed I was the only passenger stopping here. As I walked from the bus to the door of the station, I thought how lonely the town seemed. Since no one was around, I was sure someone



could board the bus without being seen and ride it without having a ticket.

I walked inside the bus station and started watching a television. A race was being shown in which the people were only about 10 centimeters tall. The cars and motorcycles were also miniature. The race was taking places in the aisles of a grocery store and seemed to be one of endurance rather than speed because many cars were wrecking and the field of contenders was narrowing. The camera did not show any wreck actually taking place but would always show its aftermath. The car would often hit sacks of food along the aisles and tear them open. On one camera shot I noticed the high price of some cat food, which was three cans for a dollar.

One fellow in the race was riding a motorcycle. His motorcycle began to smoke and he pulled to the side. His manager told him to pull out. He refused and when his motorcycle stopped smoking he reentered the field. Although he was clearly going to end in one of the final positions he continued to race.

The appearance of the race track changed and it began to look like the full-sized track at the Scioto County fairgrounds. Another of the contenders had trouble with his motorcycle and carried part of it from the race track. He then reentered the race; I thought it was against the rules for anyone to carry part of their vehicle off the tracks and then reenter. It made me angry to see the fellow cheating.

The field narrowed until only two contenders were left, one of whom was the cheater. Both racers pulled to the sidelines for a break.

What I was actually watching wasn't a live broadcast but a film of an earlier race. Several other people were sitting around the television watching it with me, among whom was the very person who had furtively reentered the race. He was sitting directly in front of me. I approached him and asked if he recalled his wreck and transfer of the vehicle from the racetrack. He lied and said no.

I returned to the garage section and prepared to leave. Four buses were parked there. I picked up a long map and began washing the backs of the buses with it to remove the grime which they had collected.

### **Dream of: 02 February 1974 "Tunnel To A Lake"**

I was in the country near Lake Roosevelt in Scioto County, Ohio; I was watching some carpenters build a large house with two basements, one underneath the other. The bottom basement was connected by a tunnel to a large underground lake. I had once before seen a basement connected to a lake by a tunnel in this fashion, but I could not remember where.

The man who owned the house had given permission for a party to be held at the lake. Albert Einstein, my mother, my father, Clifford (my high school classmate), and about 20 other people – including some underage girls – would be attending the party. Because the girls were underage, we would be breaking the law by allowing them to come to the party.

The day of the party arrived; after the guests and I had assembled at the house, we divided into three groups. I

was in a group with three of the most attractive girls – girls whom I did not know.

We all descended to the lower basement and into the tunnel which connected the basement to the lake. As we began walking along the tunnel in the direction of the lake, we also began undressing. As I was unzipping my pants, someone from one of the other groups – which had gone ahead of us – came running back through the tunnel from the lake. He screamed that it was a trap, that the police were waiting at the lake! At the same instant a policeman appeared behind us with a gun and fired a shot in our direction. The rest of my group fled; I fell to the ground, lodged myself in a small crevice and hastily re-buttoned my pants

Police assembled about 20 meters both in front and in back of me. Knowing I had no chance of escape I yelled that I wanted to surrender. I raised myself and approached the police officers; Jack Turner (a Portsmouth, Ohio acquaintance, a year behind me in high school, he later became a policeman) was one of the policemen. When I reached the police officers, they immediately handcuffed me, but the handcuffs were broken and they slipped from my hands, allowing me to remain unfettered.

I was quickly whisked away to the police station. Once there, I began delivering a bitter tirade against my captors. As I raved, the rest of the people from the party were led in. Albert Einstein appeared pitiful; I felt so bad for him, I began to cry. Wishing I could cover his face, I walked over to him, put my arms around him and tried to comfort him.

I was enraged by the conduct of the police. About 30 of them were involved in the affair; how much tax money was being wasted here?

### **Dream of: 08 February 1974 "Death In Church"**

Birdie (my black-haired steady girlfriend from 1968 to 1972 from the time I was 16 until I was 20) and I were standing together near a high cliff in a hilly region. I was in the process of solving a mystery for a man who had been finding miniature animals in his home—the man did not know where the animals came from. As I investigated the place, I found two small caves. A faint glow was emanating from the rear of one cave, as if the cave were actually a tunnel. Several baby chickens were standing in front of, and inside, the entrance of the cave. Upon closer scrutiny, I also found a baby tiger, a baby leopard, and a baby black kitten. An adult cat which appeared to be the mother of the kitten was also in the cave. I picked up the baby tiger and baby leopard, examined them and noted that they were about the length of one of my fingers. I then picked up the kitten. When I closed my hands over the kitten, the mother cat began meowing and sniffing my hand, but I would not let her see her kitten.

I played with the baby tiger and baby leopard and when I would drop them, they would immediately turn over in mid-air and land on their feet. When I dropped the kitten, however, it failed to land upright and instead, landed upon its head and lay motionless upon the ground. When I picked up the kitten and placed it on a platter which I found, it lay completely still, except for the slight palpitation of its stomach. Noticing liquid material with the consistency of snot clogging its nose

and mouth, I pulled the material out. Still, the kitten did not move. I looked around for the baby tiger and the baby leopard, but they had disappeared into the surrounding underbrush. I searched in the grass, tearing it up by the roots, looking through the grass and the dirt for the baby tiger and the baby leopard.

As Birdie and I stood on the edge of the cliff (about 10-12 meters high), Leroy Kegley (who attended Portsmouth High School with me in Portsmouth, Ohio from 1967 to 1970, but whom I barely knew) suddenly appeared and began tossing rocks at us in a playful way that nevertheless quickly made me angry. I began tossing the rocks back, only a little harder. Soon we were hurling rocks hard at each other and both of us were becoming angrier.

When I saw a small glass pint milk jar sitting near me, I picked it up and also threw it at Leroy, hitting him in the side. I was now defenseless. Leroy picked up the milk jar and as he started to throw it at me, I wrapped my arms around Birdie to shield her as she and I hung onto a small overhang of the cliff. I begged Leroy not to throw the jar - and he did not. Instead, he started to walk away. When I stood up straight and followed him, however, he suddenly turned and threw the jar at me, but it missed.

Leroy then picked up a can of shaving cream lying nearby and threw it at Birdie. The can of shaving cream hit Birdie and caused her to fall off the cliff all the way to the bottom. I raced down the cliff to see how badly she was injured. After I determined that she was injured but still alive, I climbed back up the cliff and chased Leroy for some distance.

I was gaining on him when he reached the door of a large church and ducked inside. I followed him into the church and caught him in a back room where he was on a raised platform which seemed like a stage with doors on both ends and a curtain in front which was pulled shut. Leroy and I briefly struggled until I was able to wrestle him to the ground.

Birdie walked in and quickly discovered a back-pack containing some of Leroy's possessions, as if Leroy were prepared to take a journey. When I saw that Leroy also had my sleeping bag, I assumed that he had somehow stolen it from me. Inside the bag were also some record albums, one of which was The Beatles' *Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*. As I continued to hold him down, I told Birdie to see if he had anything else of mine.

Steve Buckner (a good friend whom I met in 1967 when we began the tenth grade together at Portsmouth High School) suddenly appeared. I explained to Steve what had happened and I asked him to help me hold Leroy down. Steve, however, wanted no part of it. I could not understand that, because I knew that Steve played guitar and that Leroy had stolen a guitar from Steve. Although Steve did not want to become involved, he nevertheless helped me when Leroy began regaining his strength and almost overpowered me. After Steve and I restrained Leroy, I began tying Leroy up with some white rope. Once Leroy was tied up and subdued, Steve and I looked through Leroy's possessions for anything else which Leroy might have stolen. I told Steve to take whatever he wanted of Leroy's since Leroy owed Steve the money anyway. Although I only wanted what belonged to me, I

did cut something off the cover of the Sergeant Pepper's album to take.

Only now did I realize that my sleeping bag was actually one which I had borrowed from Jim Shaw (who attended school with me in Portsmouth from 1964 to 1970). I had failed to ever return the sleeping bag to Jim. After Steve and I wrapped up Leroy in the sleeping bag, I watched Leroy roll around on the floor inside the bag.

On the other side of the closed stage curtains, on the side in front of the stage, was an area which looked like a basketball gym. When I noticed the lights in the gym being turned on and off, I realized someone else was out there. I stepped through the curtain and found an elderly lady standing on the other side. When she asked me what we were doing, I gave some excuse. She said she was looking for someone whom she was supposed to meet there and she asked if I had seen anyone. I said no.

Looking through a side door, however, I noticed that another man had arrived. When I pointed to him for the elderly lady, she said that he was the person for whom she was looking. After she walked over to him, she and the man walked outside and departed in a small car.

Returning to the scene of the struggle on the stage, I found Leroy still rolling around, wrapped in the sleeping bag, while Birdie and Steve were pilfering through his possessions. Thinking something was odd about the way Leroy was moving, I stepped over to him and I found that he had one hand free, that he had rolled to Birdie's purse, and that he had extracted a knife. After I called for Steve's assistance, a struggle ensued which ended with Steve's being wounded. Infuriated by the injury, Steve wrested the knife from Leroy and used the knife

several times on Leroy, raising and lowering the knife with great force into Leroy's body, until Leroy was dead. As I watched the scene play out, I realized that I had the choice of either murdering Leroy myself or having Steve do it. Being fearful of the consequences, I chose the later.

Blood was smeared all about. Noting that we were within 100 meters of the Ohio River in Portsmouth, Steve and I picked up Leroy and his possessions and began walking toward the river, intending to dispose of everything in the river.

### **Dream of: 10 April 1974 "Pictures"**

Mike Walls and his girlfriend Mary Atherton (two friends from my high school and college days) were visiting me in the upstairs living room of the Gay Street House (a stately two-story, Victorian house on the southeast corner of Gay and Eighth Streets in Portsmouth, Ohio into which my father and my family moved in 1967). As I sat on the couch talking with Walls, Atherton stood in front of the large mirror over the mantle. Following a strong urge, I stood and walked over behind her. Standing behind her, I threaded my arms between her torso and her arms, and I clutched her breasts in front. At first she resisted, but since Walls merely sat on the couch and observed, she relented as I slipped my hands inside her low-cut blouse and relished the feel of her ample breasts.

While I was still in the same room (Walls and Atherton were no longer with me), my father walked in. He had just returned from a visit to Florida for Christmas, and in a large suitcase he had brought me a camera as a



present. I carried the suitcase to my bedroom, withdrew the black and white camera, and examined its complex levers and knobs. Without reading the instructions, I tried to figure out how to operate the camera. After I had pressed and pulled several knobs, the camera began to hum – it was electric! I meddled with it more, and after I had pushed more buttons, two negatives were exuded from a slot. I thought I must have shot the negatives while I had been trying to learn to work the camera.

After I had laid the negatives on a bureau by my side, they gradually began to change into real pictures. Once they had fully developed, I picked them up and discovered that I myself had not taken the pictures.

The pictures were not of the scenes before me, but of two other scenes. In the first picture was my maternal grandmother Leacy Halley (my mother's mother) and my grandmother's polio-crippled son, my uncle George Halley. My grandmother appeared to be in her late 40s and George looked as if he were about 30. My grandmother was sitting on a couch wearing a dress which fell to mid-shin. George was crouching on the floor with his crippled legs bent back under him (he was crippled with polio from an early age). One of my grandmother's arms lay on her lap, while the other arm rested on the back of the couch. The acutely poignant look of my grandmother's eyes was the most expressive part of the austere picture. Starring straight from the picture, her eyes seemed to say that even though she had endured much sorrow, she had submitted to her plight of raising a crippled son and had persevered. Intermingled with the pain imbued in her eyes shone a

certain pride which seemed to say she had not lived in vain.

The second picture was quite different. My father was standing on the left side of the picture, in a large living room, holding a whiskey bottle in his hand. Scattered about him in various positions on the floor and furniture lay an assortment of people who appeared to have taken part in a debauched party. The picture appeared to portray an accusatory scene of expended lust.

After carefully examining both pictures and discerning their meanings, I decided I wanted to take some pictures myself. I decided to first photograph the street outside my window; the street would always change and I wanted to remember it as it was now. Somehow, however, I either clicked the wrong buttons or aimed the camera incorrectly, because I took a picture of myself instead. In a few minutes the picture emerged from the camera. In my haste I had forgotten to press the button that enlarged the pictures and a miniature photograph was emitted on approximately a two-centimeter square paper. Examining the paper, I found that this picture (unlike the first two pictures) did not first turn into a negative; instead, developing-material on the picture allowed the picture to develop right on the paper, even as I watched.

The picture showed my head emerging from a ground covered with a blanket of leaves. When I looked from a different angle, the picture became distorted and showed my head being first elongated and then twisted out of proportion. My head looked quite warped, but my eyes were strong and penetrating. The eyes seemed curious, as if they were asking where they had come from.

I picked up all the pictures. I thought I would show them to my friend since high school, Steve Weinstein, who had recently told me of pictures he had taken during some of his travels.

### **Dream of: 04 May 1974 "Profundity Of Life**

Feeling depressed, I walked along Chillicothe Street (the main north-south street in downtown Portsmouth, Ohio) until I met my old high school classmate Phil Waddell and his attractive frizzy-black-haired girlfriend. After speaking to them, I walked away, but since I was so lonely, I turned around and walked back to them. I just wanted to be near someone. When I asked them where I could find someone in town with whom to talk, they shrugged and said that finding such a person was impossible. After the three of us embraced, I decided to go with them for a ride.

As we rode through the country (it was springtime), I thought about the way Waddell had evolved into the niche reserved for him by society. He and his girlfriend seemed uninteresting, but happy.

Waddell pulled out a bag of marijuana and rolled a joint. When he asked me if I wanted some, my mind began flashing. I could see no reason why not. I hadn't smoked in six months. Lonely and depressed, I thought perhaps the marijuana would give me a boost. I answered, "Sure."

Something, however, gnawed at my mind and when I had the joint in my hand, I asked Waddell if he had ever stopped using drugs. He said he had once stopped for

several months, but then someone had offered him some drugs and he had returned to the routine.

I looked at myself intensely and I asked myself whether I should smoke marijuana. After a short painful deliberation, I decided that smoking would be disadvantageous. Instead of smoking the joint, I gave it to Waddell's girlfriend, who was now sitting between Waddell and me.

After Waddell, his girlfriend and I arrived at a home in the country, we walked in and sat down in the living room. While Waddell and his girlfriend continued smoking heavily, Waddell turned on a record player, and with an intoxicated demeanor, began listening to the music.

Meanwhile, as I was trying to understand my destiny, I realized that both Waddell and his girlfriend needed help. I didn't want to preach to them, but they were obviously in need of guidance. I felt a poetic impulse and I began talking to them about the shortness of life, the consequences of the use of life, and the ultimate question of eternity. I could see, however, that the marijuana was preventing my communicating effectively with them.

The sister of Waddell's girlfriend arrived. She looked like a girl I had once known in Portsmouth. Although I felt attracted to her, I was preoccupied with continuing my speech on the profundity of life.

### **Dream of: 24 May 1974 "Blood And Groans"**

A friend and I were attending a high school class; we were in a room which reminded me of Portsmouth High

School. After a female teacher commenced the class, the students gathered around her, sat on chairs and on the floor in a large circle and began discussing plans for a party.

I next was at the party in a circle of people lying next to a young girl. An unknown comedian had been hired for entertainment and was telling dull jokes which seemed to be amusing the other students. I however was more occupied by my female friend.

I soon found myself on a farm tending a herd of cows. One of the bulls with large horns was my special pet. When I turned him loose in the field he began chasing the other cows. He bit and butted them. I began chasing him. I had a stick with a spike-like protrusion in it which I used to hit him. He tried to gore me with his horns. I jammed the stick into his side and amidst blood and groans wrestled him to the ground. After a short while of such torment I withdrew the stick and began petting him. I noted a large wound I had made and felt pity for him.

### **Dream of: 15 June 1974 "Archery Exhibition"**

About 7 p.m. I arrived at a spacious basketball court where I planned to watch a basketball game which was supposed to begin at 8 p.m. Only a few other people had already arrived. I sat down in a corner of the court on the floor near some folding chairs. A boy carried one of the chairs along the sideline to the center of the court and sat down on it. Some men were on the court practicing and once the ball rolled over to me. I picked it up and threw it back. But the ball fell short of my mark.

Before the game began a man was supposed to give an exhibition of archery and yoga. As the man entered the court I realized the court was actually in the backyard of the House in Patriot. Although some trees obstructed my view of the House, I could still see the back of the House, which had been transformed into bleachers for people waiting for the game to begin.

The archer prepared to begin his yoga show and I joined him. He showed me several easy twisting exercises which I did just as he had. I then offered to show him some yoga exercises which I knew.

The archer reminded me of a dissolute photographer who had once picked me up when I had been hitchhiking in Texas. I began showing him the yoga exercises I knew and found he was unable to do them. I detected an air of intoxication about him. I demonstrated several more yoga positions. But the crowd was growing impatient. It was 25 till 8 and they wanted to see the archery exhibition. The man spoke of "getting off" on the yoga and I thought he had probably taken some LSD

The archer unsheathed his bow and arrows and began to shoot at three targets which stood some distance from him. He fired two shots and completely missed the target with both. Two female assistants entered and retrieved the arrows as they were shot. The archer seemed even more intoxicated than before. His face began to look like a cartoon character's. He placed the next arrow in his bow backwards and was about to shoot it that way until I hurriedly called it to his attention. I was utterly disgusted with him.

**Dream of: 24 June 1974 "Lines Of Virgil"**

After camping in the Appalachian Mountains in West Virginia, I had decided to return to Portsmouth, Ohio. When I arrived in Portsmouth I vainly began perusing my countenance in a mirror. Then I went to the city swimming pool, watched the girls and tried to figure out how to meet one.

I next went to the Logan Street House and restlessly squandered my time. I tried to read some lines of the poet Virgil, but it was hopeless. My mother (was in the House) she told me that my ex-girlfriend Birdie's husband had hit Birdie that morning and had caused Birdie to need three stitches in her face. Then my mother retracted and said the incident hadn't happened that morning, but several days earlier; my mother said Weinstein had dropped by and told her about the incident.

### **Dream of: 13 October 1974 "Strange Old House"**

I went for a ride in the country with several other men. We stopped and I stood outside by the car. Another car pulled up which contained two girls who somehow appeared to be my sisters. One was Jeannie (a former high school classmate). She stepped from the car and stood beside me. I was in love with her.

I returned to the city and went into the kitchen of a large house. The other men were still with me.

I decided to explore the house. After walking around for a while I discovered I was lost. The house seemed old and strange. As I went from one room to the next I became more and more lost. I wandered around for a

long time. In many rooms I saw beds with pillows which resembled human beings covered with covers.

Finally, I fled and found my way back to the kitchen where I found the girl I loved. I told her to walk through the house. She did so and soon became lost. I was sad.

### **Dream of: 15 October 1974 "Love Letters"**

I had received some letters from my ninth grade sweetheart, Debi. The letters also somehow seemed to have come from Sue Young (a girl with whom I had a brief fling in 1970). It seemed as if the letters said that she loved me. After looking at the letters, I stuck them into a book of maps.

Afterwards, carrying my book of maps with me, I was walking around, when I saw Debi coming out of a house where she apparently lived. Shaw (whom Debi married after high school), wearing eyeglasses, was looking out the window of the house. I walked up to Debi and told her that she looked beautiful. She said that she was now a nurse and that she was on her way to the hospital.

Shaw walked out to us. He saw my book, grabbed it from me and began going through it. He came upon two old letters in the book, then found the letters from Debi. She quickly grabbed the letters from him. Shaw, however, had seen the front of the letters and he had noted that they had come from Huntington, West Virginia. Since he knew Debi used to live in Huntington, he knew the letters had come from her.

### **Dream of: 03 February 1975 "Gushing Blood"**



Birdie had married Shaw and they were living in a house in New Boston, Ohio on a street between Gallia and Rhodes Streets. Birdie had a sister who seemed like her friend, Young, who was living with her. Birdie also had a half-black child. Another blonde girl with whom I apparently was having an affair was also in the house. I visited the blonde at the house and we had sex together.

Afterwards, I went to a bar where I found Birdie working as a barmaid. The bar was empty at first, but then began filling up. I had sex with Birdie, but then we became separated and I couldn't find her. I missed her so much I hurt. Finally, I returned to Birdie's house and I began talking to Birdie's sister. At last Birdie returned. She was confused and seemed almost like a lost wandering ghost. She couldn't seem to make up her mind.

A big party began and Birdie disappeared. I went alone upstairs and fell asleep. Someone woke me at midnight and I went back downstairs where I found Rick Saul (a Portsmouth acquaintance) sitting on the couch taking care of Birdie's half-black child. Birdie was there and was frantic. Birdie said that her father, Bishop, was after me and that I must leave at once. I walked out onto the porch; it was daylight. When Bishop pulled up in a Volkswagen, I tried to greet him in a friendly way, but he pulled out a gun and aimed it at my head. He then handed me the gun, although he kept one hand in his pocket. Figuring the gun he had given me must be empty, I handed it back to him.

Another black gun was lying on the sidewalk. Bishop picked it up and I ran across the street. He fired and I fell; blood gushed from my side. An ambulance filled with black people was passing. I screamed for help and I

pointed at Bishop, who was preparing to fire again. The ambulance slowed down, the people inside looked at me and then they continued on without stopping.

### **Dream of: 17 February 1975 "Place-Names"**

I was near the Gallia County Farm - on a neighboring farm where a family named Smith had once lived. I could see the line of trees marking the path of Symmes Creek beyond the road. The Smith farmhouse was no longer standing and only a few, scattered, wooden posts remained near the muddy and desolate fields. It seemed a sale had been held to liquidate the equipment and property; nearby, where the house had been, stood some people whose features seemed distinct, rigid and vivid.

Looking about I discovered a chart with a list of various place-names with which I was unfamiliar; I was unsure what the place-names signified. One of the names was "Bidlick"; I figured the name probably referred to the village of Bidwell. Another name on the list probably referred to a section of the creek immediately across the road.

My father stepped up; he also did not understand the names on the chart. After we spotted a man laboring on the hillside, we approached him to ask about the names.

I spoke first and explained to the man that the chart couldn't help us if we did not know where the places were. Although I was most interested in finding out the name of the section of the creek immediately across the road, I first asked where Bidlick was. The man gladly began explaining the location of Bidlick and I soon concluded that he was indeed talking about the village of Bidwell.

At the bottom of the hill stood a barn with a few bails of hay at one end. The man continued talking and said he had bought the hay at the auction and had paid \$100 for 100 bails. My father's attention was ensnared and he began talking about the prices of hay.

### **Dream of: 17 February 1975 (2) "Bar Movie"**

I was lying down in my bed in my room in the Rooming House in Columbus. The girlfriend of Mick (a fellow who lived down the hall) had spent the night with him and was preparing to leave. I could hear them talking. My bed was situated against the wall where the door was and angled so I could look out the open door down the hall. I was wearing undershorts and I didn't have a cover over me. The black-haired girl, who was shapely and attractive, walked down the hall to the toilet. We looked at each other for an instant and she went on.

I rose, dressed and went to the bar where Mick worked. It was much swankier than I had expected. The walls, furniture and carpet were all bright red. It was a rectangular room probably 30 by 15 meters. I talked with Mick and asked him if his girlfriend had any former boy friends who still followed her. Mick said she did indeed have some former boyfriends.

A screen was in the bar and a movie began to be shown, and on the screen was a picture of Mick's girlfriend. She had a red-tinted, snowy complexion but her hair was now blonde instead of black. The movie next showed a young man drinking alcohol at a table with the girl. The next scene showed another man sitting at the bar.

I was sitting on a couch watching the movie which now simply showed pictures of the walls and the decor of the bar's interior. A girl ran up from the audience, turned off the projector and turned the lights on. When I and several others screamed to let the show continue, she turned the projector back on.

The movie then showed a scene where Elvis Presley went to a bar to fight some men inside and beat them up.

### **Dream of: 04 March 1975 "De Senectute"**

I was driving in the country with the secretary of Professor Harry Hultgrun (my Latin professor at Ohio University Athens). She was an attractive, black-haired woman with whom I was having an affair. Since I had an appointment with Hultgrun, we finally headed back toward his office. It was the last day of the school quarter and I was supposed to translate some Latin passages into English – Cicero's *De Senectute*, as well as passages of Euclid. Since I had been with my family earlier and I hadn't completed the work which Hultgrun had assigned me; I was rather apprehensive that Hultgrun would detect I hadn't completed the final portions of the assignment and I would fail.

When we arrived at Hultgrun's office, the woman told me Hultgrun had left instructions for me to take a test by choosing passages of my own volition to translate. She said Hultgrun had called my father and the two of them had gone to Cleveland together. I was quite relieved Hultgrun was absent; I asked the woman what passages she thought I should translate. I also mentioned something to her about my dislike for popular literature.

Suddenly Hultgrun arrived in a hurry. Doctor Murphy (who taught Greek in the classical language department) was with him. The woman told Hultgrun about my dislike for popular literature and he asked me what I meant by that. I simply said I didn't care for popular literature.

Hultgrun decided I should immediately begin translating. He opened a window, but I was freezing and I asked if he cared if I closed it.

I looked into the other room and saw the secretary with her arms around a boy about half her age. I figured it was probably her brother.

I was in a panic. Hultgrun said he did not know if I knew what "aqui diurnum" meant. I said it meant "the passing of time"; Hultgrun said that was correct. He came across the word "glukos" (written in Greek) and doctor Murphy said the word meant gold. Hultgrun picked a passage of *De Senectute* which I hadn't read and asked me to translate.

### **Dream of: 27 March 1975 "A Friendly Talk"**

I was having sex with Birdie; I had an orgasm. After we had finished, I realized I was in my mother's home. Birdie left the room, and while I was still nude, Birdie's husband Rick walked in. After I threw a blanket over myself, Rick sat and talked with me. He was quite friendly. He sat on my lap for a moment; we talked about when he had first met Birdie.

### **Dream of: 29 March 1975 "Claustrophobia"**

I was crawling through a small passage, following someone. The passage became narrower and narrower

as I proceeded. Soon I felt myself hemmed in and knew I must retreat. I had claustrophobia and was frightened.

**Dream of: 31 March 1975 "Highway No. 1"**

While in Portsmouth I began thinking about Regina (a girl I had known in Portsmouth) and I had an orgasm. Afterwards I went for a ride with Anderson and Ramey. Later I borrowed the van of Mr. Tindall (the father of my friend, Tindall) and the next day my mother drove me somewhere in the van down a long road called Highway No. 1.

**Dream of: 31 March 1975 (2) "Too Heavy"**

I went swimming with my whole family. My brother Chris was in the water and I was supposed to hold his hand, but it was so heavy, I could not do it without my father's help.

**Dream of: 07 April 1975 "Ancient Pottery"**

I was with Professor Harry Hultgrun (my Latin professor at Ohio University Athens). I hadn't prepared my work and I tried to consume time by talking about other matters. I spoke of ancient pottery which he had in the room and I mentioned that the pottery could easily be bogus. I then helped him wash the pottery.

**Dream of: 07 April 1975 (2) "In The Same School"**

Steve Weinstein and I were in the same school. We saw each other on the first day, but I did not see him after that. I had carried some LSD in my pocket for a few days. I desperately wanted to take it.

## **Dream of: 08 April 1975 "Drausen Vor Der Tur"**

I was in a building on the campus of Ohio University, Athens; I was trying to find some books which I had lost.

I went to see someone on an upper floor in an effort to locate the books, but I was unsuccessful. I left the building but later returned a second time and found the front entrance locked. I entered through a rear door and there found my books (five or six) sitting on the stairs.

Among them were *Drausen vor der Tur* and *Auf Deutsche Geschichte*. One book was exceptionally large. Hearing someone coming, I quickly gathered the books and left.

I went to the music building and encountered a girl whom I had seen several times in the music building and with whom I had formed a relationship. She was wearing a garish ring which she had bought to signify our relationship. I told her that I didn't want to go steady any longer and that she should remove the ring. She seemed sad, but I was relieved to have unloaded the burden.

My friend Steve Buckner showed up with a girlfriend whom I had never seen. His face was mottled with acne and the girl likewise had a few blemishes. Nevertheless, she had an enticing figure and was attractive.

I was sitting on a railing and I saw Buckner before he saw me. When he saw me he approached in a friendly manner and introduced me to the girl. She put her arm around my waist and we talked.

Steve and I went to a city where we encountered Steve Weinstein and Roger Anderson. We were standing on a city street and I commented to Weinstein about what a

receptive fellow Anderson was. We then went to a small store, returned and walked across a short field. Suddenly several black fellows appeared. They quickly subdued Weinstein and began to beat him. Anderson and I ran back to the small store and found Buckner's girlfriend now tending the store.

Guns were for sale in the store. We each quickly grabbed a gun and shells. I picked up a .410 caliber. When I opened the gun to load, I saw a silver cartridge in the chamber. I had to remove the cartridge before putting in the shell. We then raced back to the scene of the fight. Several blacks were now standing around another black fellow who was beating Weinstein. I screamed at the neighboring houses for someone to call the police. I aimed my gun at one black, but the gun wouldn't discharge. One black pointed a glowing cigarette at me, trying to fool me into thinking he had a hand gun.

I was excited but not in a panic. I simply wanted to kill one of the fellows. I really wanted to kill. I turned around trying to discharge the weapon and aimed it at a sloping bank. Suddenly the gun fired. Quickly I replaced the bullet and I again took aim at the blacks. I stood poised and ready to fire.

### **Dream of: 12 April 1975 "Dr. Tulp's Anatomy Lesson"**

I was in a chemistry class in a school near Patriot, Ohio. I had decided I wanted to go to medical school and I knew I would first have to take some prerequisite courses. Probably 25-25 students were in the class. I couldn't tell whether I was younger than my classmates or whether they were younger than I.



In front of me was sitting a fellow I knew who seemed to be Gary Altizer. I whispered to him and the teacher caught us. The teacher was a disciplinarian and marched us both to the hall where he intended to paddle us. I refused. I knew he had no right to paddle me. The other fellow complied and was hit with a long, black paddle.

The teacher hit awkwardly at an angle and having finished, said something like, "Too much of an angle."

We returned to the classroom with no further mention of my insubordination. But I feared my chances for medical school might be damaged.

It was almost 3 o'clock and consequently time for school to dismiss. I was in a rush to pack all my things. I filled a couple large sacks with clothes and many bottles of chemicals. Having finished I boarded a bus and saw my classmates on board. Among them were some rather attractive young girls. But one young boy in particular ensnared my attention. I inquired as to his age and he replied in a slurred, almost retarded voice, "Nine."

He held up one hand to show me his age and I saw he had six fingers on that hand. I noticed below his arm a semi-developed arm. It was a grisly sight and reminded me of the arm I had seen in a painting entitled "Dr. Tulp's Anatomy Lesson." A less-developed appendage also appeared below the right arm. It was as though nature had experimented and had been unsuccessful with this mutant. I was quite intrigued by the deformity.

The same person who had been the teacher was also the bus driver. He reminded me of an old wood-shop teacher I had had in the seventh grade. He drove the bus through Patriot and dropped someone off in front of the

house next door to the House in Patriot. I asked him if he intended to go to the next corner. He said yes. He then turned around and began going up the street backward. We passed the House in Patriot and proceeded to a new, small subdivision of the village where two pretty girls descended and a boy ascended I thought, "Some go, some come."

### **Dream of: 18 April 1975 "I Have Only Begun"**

I was attending classes in my last quarter at The Ohio State University in Columbus, Ohio. For some reason I had to take some courses which did not particularly appeal to me, but which were necessary to complete my work and obtain a degree. One class was a geography class and was in a seminar format. The students sat and discussed geography. The female teacher had us look at a map. I couldn't read it at first, but then realized it was a map of the Mediterranean region. The teacher had us read part of an accompanying text, which identified various cities in Spain. I did not understand at first exactly what was happening and I did not much care. The cities in Spain had Italian names, something like Verona and Venetio.

I then went to a second class which was also a seminar. In class we talked about the two words "stranger" and "barbarian." I was seeking some absolute meaning of the words. The talk had something to do with considering all strangers barbarians. I remarked that simply because two people knew each other, it did not mean they weren't barbarians in the eyes of others. I implied that an absolute definition couldn't be found and that the definition was relative to the individual. Most students said nothing. I was apparently expressing myself well,

because the professor (a young man hardly older than myself) commented upon my remarkable handling of the subject. I replied, "I have only begun."

I returned to the first class. I hadn't done the homework which had been assigned. I wasn't particularly upset, however, because I felt I could do it during class. The teacher however immediately began collecting papers. I had the paper with the work we had done yesterday in class in my hand. Hurriedly I tried to copy from a fellow sitting next to me the assignment for the day, but I did not have time and had to hand in a half-completed paper.

Then the teacher began to read about the map of the Mediterranean and I became engrossed in the lesson. I was really having a fairly good time and wasn't worried about grades or anything. It seemed a relief to be in class.

Then I went to lunch. For some reason, I had been wont to leave my toothbrush at the entrance of the cafeteria at the cash register. When I came in view of the place, I saw some lady about my age pick up my toothbrush and leave with it. I ran after her. I was furious, but at the same time rather delighted to be catching her in the act. I decided to make it rough for her and rather than simply grabbing her, I decided to tackle her. I did so and we both fell to the ground. She immediately jerked away from me and sat screaming at me. I stated I simply had wanted my toothbrush. But she was uncontrollable. She said she was going to get me. We both then went to the lunch room entrance and she told the man at the register I had assaulted her.

He immediately called someone on the phone. The fellow he had called came and I recognized him as a fellow who

I knew was a librarian at Alden Library and had a black belt in karate. He soon left to fetch a higher authority.

Meanwhile, the lady (whom I now found to be quite charming and attractive) and I began talking. She had calmed down considerably. She had cut her lip when I had tackled her and it was bleeding slightly. I had a drop of bright, red blood smeared on my clothes. As we stood talking, I asked her why she had stolen my toothbrush. She said she needed it to get some money with, but she wouldn't tell me how she intended to use the toothbrush for that purpose. She said she had paid for a year's instruction in French with money obtained in that manner. I was quite curious because I needed money myself.

Soon we were both sorry for having involved the authorities in our quarrel and we wandered away. She said she was going to France in a couple days. I did not want her to leave. We kissed. I was in ecstasy. We returned to the lunch entrance and a crowd gathered.

### **Dream of: 30 April 1975 "War Game"**

I was in what appeared to be a barn in a place where a war game was taking place. The barn was being attacked and I was defending myself by shooting out the windows.

To my left, an oriental girl was fighting along with me.

The people attacking us were also Orientals.

We had no hand grenades, but the enemy did. One of them threw a grenade through the window. I quickly jumped outside. The grenade exploded and I quickly went back inside. I went over to the oriental girl and put

my hand on her neck to reassure her and myself. We were obviously being badly beaten.

Two enemy girls came to my window. I invited them in. As one girl began to enter, I kicked her in the face.

### **Dream of: 30 April 1975 (2) "Beautiful California"**

Preparing to go to California, I decided to visit my first cousin Jim before I departed. After going to Jim's house, and not finding him home, I put some marijuana into a purple cup and hid it behind the house.

I then went somewhere to drink some beer and found Jim. After a while, Jim and I boarded a car and rode through the country back toward his house. Thinking about how beautiful California was going to be, I put my arm around Jim and told him I hated to leave him.

When we reached Jim's house, we found two policemen there. I had some marijuana in a cigar box in the glove compartment of Jim's car, but the police didn't find it.

### **Dream of: 01 May 1975 "Overcoming Temptation"**

Birdie, another person and I were walking across a field.

Birdie was only wearing an ankle-length nightgown through which I could see the outline of her panties. We walked past some people, including Phil Lane, who were playing ball in the field. When we reached a fence, I held the wires apart as Birdie slipped through. I climbed over the fence at the corner where I was able to use the corner post to help me.

Some of the people playing ball thought Birdie was attractive and began shouting at her. One said that

Birdie had had a good tan in the summer, but that the tan had faded now. She glanced at her skin, sighed and then moved on.

We talked about smoking some marijuana. I wanted to, but said no, I simply couldn't, because it would make me too nervous.

We reached my apartment, walked in and found Mike Walls and Randy Ramey there. I read a chapter from the Bible about temptation and how one must learn to overcome it. That made me feel rotten.

After Birdie lay down on the floor, I lay on top of her; we began kissing and I began taking off the shirt and pants she was now wearing. First I removed the blouse; when I removed her pants, I saw how beautiful she was. I was totally inflamed and she was also hot. I thought Walls, Ramey, Birdie and I could have an orgy.

### **Dream of: 10 May 1975 "Piano With Missing Keys"**

I was in a police station where I was informed I could be put in jail and paid \$2.20 an hour for every hour I was incarcerated. I figured that was more than \$50 a day. In jail I could do what I liked; I could read constantly. So I agreed. A policeman took me upstairs to a room which had three beds. An old piano (with most keys missing) and some other furniture were also in the room. The policeman said when he left that he would lock the door and that I shouldn't leave. He said he didn't believe anyone else was in the room.

After the policeman left, I walked into a side room. I soon heard someone playing the piano back in the main room. I returned to the main room and found a man

about my age sitting at the piano. I recognized him as someone who had attended Grant Junior High School with me in the eighth grade. He said he played on the few remaining keys only to keep his fingers in shape.

I left the jail. Soon, however, I wanted to return because I needed the money. I had to go through much trouble with the police to be readmitted, but finally I was let back in and happy to be back.

### **Dream of: 11 May 1975 "Charged With Murder"**

A man who seemed like me was in love with a woman in Columbus, Ohio. The man and woman separated because they felt their relationship would damage their respective careers. The man however still loved the woman.

He was in a bar one night and saw her there. She had been drinking alcohol and was in a dissolute state. He saw an old friend of his with her – apparently her new lover. He became angry, rose and shot the other man.

He then went into an alley. He was carrying some hearing-aid books, which he knew could somehow convict him. He ran away with people screaming behind him as he left. He went to the bus station. One bus passed with the sign Detroit in its front window. But he boarded a city bus and rode through the streets of Columbus.

Still he had far to go and ended up in a Spanish town. He disembarked and still carrying the books, searched for a place to hide them. He saw a brick wall and one loose brick. He decided to hide the books there.

Eventually he was charged with the murder. By then the man (who seemed increasingly like Michael Corleone, the character played by Al Pacino in the movie *The Godfather*) had many witnesses to prove he had been nowhere near the scene of the murder when it had occurred.

### **Dream of: 14 May 1975 "Snowing In July"**

The news had been spread about that I was planning to become a psychiatrist. A young man came to me and said he needed help. (Anderson also seemed to be in the room.) I felt I could help the young man and I figured I would charge about \$15 an hour. I took out a pencil and paper and we began to talk.

I asked questions similar to ones I used to ask when I had given hearing tests for hearing aids. I asked the young man if he drank a lot of alcohol. He said something about it snowing in July before he would miss his Saturday beer. He was nervous. I wanted to help him, but I didn't know what to do.

When another person walked into the room, the young man and I stood and walked to another room. I forgot about the money and we talked for hours.

Wearing my glasses, I was quite serious about the matter.

### **Dream of: 16 May 1975 "Such a Mess"**

Having finished college, I was now living in the Gay Street House. I walked up the attic stairs and entered the little room built into the attic. I intended to take a shower in the room, but when I discovered some



gasoline had spilled on the floor and thoroughly seeped down between the floorboards, I feared the gasoline might ignite if I turned on the shower.

I walked back downstairs, where I learned my sister had been the one who had spilled the gasoline. After I found her in the House and asked her about the gasoline, she said she also had earlier gone up to the attic to take a shower. She had turned on the shower, had walked back downstairs and had fallen asleep on the couch while watching television. Twenty-five minutes later she had awakened, had gone back up to the attic, and had found it afire.

My sister and I were angry with each other, but I wanted to make up to her. I did something for her and we kissed. Then I put my arm around her and she, my father and I went for a walk. We came to Portsmouth High School and as we passed it, my father wanted to go in. My sister left us and my father and I walked inside.

I encountered the school principal, Charles Adams (who had been principal when I had attended school there), and I said hello. He slipped and said, "Hello Linda," but quickly changed it to "Hello Steven." I also saw George Heller, the assistant principal (who was walking with a limp), and I shook his hand. He ushered my father and me to a couple seats and loudly proclaimed he supposed I had made straight A's in college. He seemed surprised when I answered, "No, only for the last couple of years."

I sat down; no students – only older folk (mostly black) – were milling about. Adams and Heller left, and students began coming in. Music began and everyone began clapping and dancing. In a frolicsome mood, I stood up

to pound my foot on the floor. I was wearing my heavy red and black shoes.

My father and I stayed for a while and then left. As we walked away, he said he could see why I thought the school system was in such a mess.

**Dream of: 27 May 1975 "Mirror, Mirror On The Wall"**

I was in front of Doc's carry out on Jackson Street in Portsmouth. A girl who resembled Dykes (an acquaintance from Portsmouth) stepped up to me. She was supposed to be the girlfriend of Cox (a former schoolmate). She had a poem about mirrors. The poem wasn't in words, but was composed of objects on a piece of cardboard. Mirrors of all different sizes were on the cardboard. She said that Cat Stevens had written the poem. The first line was "Mirror, mirror on the wall."

I read the poem through; it was probably 8-10 lines long. I couldn't understand the poem. I put my arm around her as we read. I started thinking of another poem and said,

"Mirror, mirror on the wall

Who's the fairest of them all

Red and yellow black or white

Who's the fairest in your sight."

I kept reading the poem and applying words to the objects; but I still couldn't understand the poem. I said it had strong sexual connotations.

**Dream of: 06 June 1975 "Abstruse Bible Words"**

I was seated near some young high school girls at a public gathering. On my right was an empty seat next to the aisle. A girl was sitting next to me on my left. On the other side of the girl on my left, further down, sat another attractive girl (about 15 years old). I wanted to speak with the 15 year-old and I beckoned her to come sit by me. When she came, I moved to the empty aisle seat on my right and she sat down on my left where I had been sitting. When I realized that the girl who had been sitting next to me on my left had become displeased, I moved back to where I had been sitting, and the 15 year-old sat down on my right in the aisle seat. In the middle of the two girls, I put my arms around them both.

My father and my father's friend, John Roach (the man who had rented an office from my father in the Gay Street House for a hearing-aid business), had walked in and sat down behind me. Since I did not want them there, as politely as possible I told them to leave. My father became angry, and he and Roach stood up. When my father then walked down in front of the stage, I followed him and we had a slight argument. He became angry and stormed away muttering something about some dope I had in the House in New Boston (a ranch-style house which my father had built on a high hill in the town of New Boston, which adjoined Portsmouth).

I immediately left the gathering and went to the Gay Street House. My father was already there. I wanted to leave but he forbade it. He told me he had called the police about the drugs I had hidden in the House in New Boston. Only able to cry, I walked around in a daze crying.

Since my mother was living upstairs in the Gay Street House, I went up to her and cried in her arms. She was sympathetic to my plight. I walked back downstairs where I found my father's secretary, Pat Pitts. I asked Pitts if she knew what my father had done to me. At first Pitts thought it was funny and laughed, but when I screamed, pounded her desk, and shouted that I might have to spend my life in prison, she began to understand and she seemed concerned.

I carried a Bible back into where my father was. I began reading the Bible and explained some abstruse words to him.

### **Dream of: 30 June 1975 "Waiting For The Magic"**

Somehow the government had taken a picture of me and drafted me into the army. I went voluntarily into the ranks. I was staying in a brick building. Cu (a Vietnamese fellow whom I had recently met at Ohio University in Athens, Ohio) was living in the town where I was. I looked out my window and saw him coming up an outside stairs. I yelled at him, said hello, then descended to the next floor to talk with him. We walked into his room and he turned on the TV. He asked me if I had eaten my breakfast and I said yes. He began fixing something for himself to eat. I told him I was now a soldier and I could now understand how he had been forced once to be a soldier.

Russia and Turkey had formed an alliance called CETO, and Turkey was preparing to attack the United States. A river was close to where I was and the United States had placed troops along one side of the river. Turkish troops were preparing to attack from the other side with land

and navel forces. I went to the rear and saw that the US troops were arranged in lines and looked like civil war troops. I couldn't believe the United States was being attacked. I also couldn't understand why the United States simply didn't drop an atomic bomb on Turkey.

I stood on the shore and wished I were in the rear. I kept thinking, "So this is war."

There was a place nearby where the soldiers ate. I heard about a drug called Sombu\_\_\_\_\_, which could change a person back into a child. One had to eat a certain apple and drink a certain type of liquid. I went to the mess hall where I saw a sign which spoke of the efficacy of the drug. I decided to try it, but first wanted to find some different clothes, because I knew if I shrank into a baby, what I was wearing wouldn't fit.

I ate the apple, drank the juice and waited for the magic to work.

### **Dream of: 01 July 1975 "Tired of Begging"**

While I had been living with my mother somewhere in Portsmouth, I had heard that the person living next door had joined a book club and that he had received a book from the club in his mailbox. I had also learned that for some reason, my mother had sent the person next door an envelope which contained a check for \$23, and that the check had also been placed in the person's mailbox.

Before the person could retrieve the check from the mailbox, I had managed to steal the check (intending to repay the money later before it was missed). After cashing the check, I had become hungry and had bought a bottle of beer.

Ultimately someone told my father about the missing check. My father went to the bank to find out who had cashed the check, then he came to see me. When I saw him, I could tell from the look on his face that he knew I had signed and cashed the check. He told me he knew. He said that he had told the bank-clerk that his son had signed the check and that the bank had agreed to overlook it as long as I returned the money.

My father asked me why I hadn't come to him. I became emotional and told him I was tired of begging. I realized I had committed a crime, but I didn't feel remorseful. I just felt bad because I had been caught.

My father told me I must go to the bank and explain my involvement with the check. He also said I needed some new clothes, and together he and I went to Marting's Department Store in downtown Portsmouth to look for some clothes.

### **Dream of: 04 July 1975 "Grotesque People"**

Buckner, Walls, Tindall and I were in a basement which seemed somewhat like the basement of the House in New Boston and somewhat like the basement of the home of Buckner's parents. We were all sleeping on separate mattresses spread on the floor.

In the night I awoke and thought I heard music playing. I was unsure if we had left the record player on upstairs or if we had left the doors open and someone had come in. I crawled over to Buckner's bed and woke him. I told him he must accompany me upstairs to back me up and find out what the noise was. We found two gold clubs and took them for protection.

We climbed the stairs, opened the door which led to the kitchen and saw about a half-dozen grotesque people sitting around drinking alcohol. Apparently they had broken in during the night and were having a party. I simply said, "Leave."

I was scared. The people began dispersing, but one man approached me and grabbed my club. I jerked it, pulling him with me; we began to struggle. Buckner helped me and we beat him off. We pushed him down the stairs. All the while Buckner and I were screaming for Walls and Tindall to awake and help us. They awoke and went over to beat the fallen man.

### **Dream of: 06 July 1975 "Horse Pulling a Boat"**

Buckner and I were camping in an area where many other people were also camping. Everyone else, including Buckner, had a tent. But I didn't - I only had a sleeping bag. When two girls came walking along, they crawled into Buckner's tent with him. Neither girl stayed with me.

When I awoke the next morning, I was in a room, and several girls were lying near me. One of the girls, quite beautiful, was crying, talking about how unhappy she was because her man had left her.

Elizabeth Taylor was also in the room. As she and I began talking, I reflected on how beautiful she was. She told me she no longer liked her husband, who was nearby in another room. She and I both looked out a window. Many people were outside; a horse was walking along the shore of a stream, pulling a boat in the water. I turned to Elizabeth, kissed her and said, "I'm sorry."

She kissed me back and said, "You started it."

As we continued kissing, she began feeling my penis and I began pulling on her clothes.

### **Dream of: 06 July 1975 (2) "Nowhere to Live"**

I was in Portsmouth, Ohio. Since I didn't have anywhere to live, I took my mattress and sleeping bag to the courtyard of the Ohio University, Portsmouth Branch and decided to simply stay there. Roleen (a girl with whom I attended Portsmouth High School in the late 1960s) walked up and spoke with me. She had divorced her first husband a year earlier. She told me she had then married Gower and was now in love with him. I couldn't remember who Gower was, but I wanted to be close to Roleen. Another girl came along and spoke to me. She was overweight, but friendly. She talked about a teacher who had been caught with a young girl.

### **Dream of: 08 July 1975 "Dead Ants"**

As I was walking down a street, I found a bucket full of dead ants. The ants seemed like the shells of locusts after they shed. Two lumps of ants were in the bucket. Out of each lump plants were growing. I took the two lumps from the bucket and saw they were nourishing healthy verdant branches.

### **Dream of: 10 July 1975 "Man Overboard"**

I was on a ship in Germany. Surprised to see Drew (a former high school classmate) on the ship, I asked him, "Du sprichst deutsch?"



He said he did speak German, but he answered me in English. With him was his girlfriend, whom I didn't know.

At first the ship was going through ice on top of the water. But then we were traveling on land, moving down a street. I could see cars on the other side of the street.

Buckner stepped up. We were standing on the back part of the ship. Suddenly the ship lurched forward and Buckner stumbled. He grabbed my arm and I grabbed a nearby door. But Buckner couldn't hold on and fell overboard. I screamed, "Stop! Help!"

Finally, the ship stopped. A doctor who couldn't walk was there. Some men carried the doctor to Buckner. Buckner was in great pain; I cried a little for his pain. It looked as if he had broken many bones and could possibly die.

### **Dream of: 10 July 1975 (2) "Trouble in the Bronx"**

I was at Grant Junior High School, which was located in New York City. The students at the school were my classmates from Portsmouth High School.

There was trouble in the Bronx. The foreigners were angry about something and the police were beating them.

I had arrived at the school an hour too early. I had a car and I wanted to leave to see the riot. Buckner said he would go with me. Two other friends said they would likewise go along. Police were in the school, however, and they said if we left we would be arrested. We went anyway.

### **Dream of: 12 July 1975 "Wasting Time"**

I was sitting in the back seat of a car in Portsmouth with Walls, Randy, and Buckner (three of my best friends in my late teens). We were smoking marijuana. I took two hits, became high, and decided I did not want to smoke anymore with them; so I left.

I went to the Logan Street House (my mother's home in Portsmouth) where I found my mother and asked her to fix me something to eat. I told her I would be back shortly and left. It was 10:45 a.m.

I decided to find Buckner and Walls again and smoke more marijuana with them. I located Buckner and together we went to Walls' house. As I waited while Buckner and Walls ate something, I kept thinking about how much time I was wasting. We finally left to search for Ramey, because Ramey had the marijuana. When we found Ramey in the library, I told everyone that it was too late now and that I had to leave because I had promised my mother I would be back. It was already 12 o'clock.

### **Dream of: 16 July 1975 "Stolen Light Bulb"**

I was at the Grandview Avenue House. I had stolen some books from the library and the man who lived across the alley was trying to prove I was the one who had stolen them. I had returned most books, but I still has a large Spanish dictionary in the House.

Some children had been stealing things out of our garage. They had taken a knife, the reel of a fishing rod and a light bulb. I decided to try to catch the thief. It was morning and no one was in the House except me.

Someone knocked at the front door. I did not answer, but watched the person walk along the side of the House back toward the garage. I followed along inside the House, then ran out back to see if the person went into the garage. The person was a young girl. She did not go into the garage. She saw me as I stood in the back yard spying.

### **Dream of: 18 July 1975 "A Flood"**

While I was in Trier, Germany, I wanted to find out where the foreign office was; so I went to the tourist information office by the Porta Negra. I walked inside and saw some women working at a counter. I thought they would all probably speak good English.

I walked into an adjoining room and sat down at a table which had a copy of the Portsmouth Times lying on it.

The paper being here did not seem strange to me. I thought Analiese (a woman whom I had met in Trier) had probably been to the United States and had brought the newspaper back with her.

On the paper was a picture of Gallia Street in Portsmouth taken around 1970. In the picture the street was flooded and all the stores were half covered with water. I thought the Gay Street House had also probably been covered with water.

My grandmother Leacy was in the room with me. I waited a little while and then went over to her. We hugged each other and she only said, "Three years. It's been three years."

We lay down on the floor and began watching TV. On the TV was a pretty girl and her boyfriend. The girl took off

her blouse. My penis became hard. I wanted to see the girls' breast, but Leacy was lying close to me and I did not want her to feel my penis. It was, however, too late and I was surprised to find Leacy rubbing against my penis. She also laid her head on my stomach. Soon the head of my penis was out of my pants and Leacy had put her tongue on it. I pulled her head away because I was about to have an orgasm.

I had an orgasm and sperm flew all over my stomach. I wiped off the sperm with a handkerchief. Leacy was now on the other side of the room; she was wearing an orange dress. A woman was lying motionless beside me. Leacy looked angry and surprised, but she looked strong.

### **Dream of: 23 July 1975 "Buddha, Buddha"**

While I was in the Gallia County Farmhouse, my paternal grandmother Mabel was cooking lunch in the kitchen. My father was sitting like Buddha on the floor of the living room.

I gazed out the front window, down the front of the hill atop which the Farmhouse sits, and toward the bridge which crosses Symmes Creek at the bottom of the hill. When the dogs began barking at approximately twenty men on the other side of the bridge, the men threw rocks at the dogs. After walking into the next room and fetching a rifle, I walked out on the front porch and I shot the rifle at the men. After quickly running out of bullets, I became frightened because the men (carrying guns) had started crossing the bridge toward the Farmhouse.

Meanwhile, my grandmother was placing a delicious meal with potatoes, bread and corn on the table.

When the men reached the Farmhouse, they wanted to come inside, but I stood in the door with my gun, blocking their way. I decided, however, to allow one man inside so he could use the bathroom. While my grandmother continued working in the kitchen, my father, still sitting on the living-room floor, said, "Buddha, Buddha."

When one of the men on the porch pointed his gun at me, my father said I should also let the other men enter. I acquiesced and the poor and hungry men walked inside the Farmhouse. When one man tried to steal a potato and a piece of bread, I caught him, but I felt so sorry for him, I gave him the bread anyway. Although we did not have much food, we decided we wanted to share the food with the men. They sat in the living room while I carried the food to them, and as they ate, the filthy, dirty men became rather friendly.

We soon led the men upstairs, where everything was black from a fire which had once occurred there.

### **Dream of: 24 July 1975 "Wanting to Go to School"**

My mother and I were in a small store in Patriot where a man was playing pin ball. If he made 1,700 points he was supposed to win a ticket to Dreamland Swimming Pool in Portsmouth.

I told my mother I wanted to go to school. At first I thought I should go to the grade school at Centerville but then I realized I should go to Southwestern High School. My mother said the school was 3.8 miles from

Patriot. I didn't want to walk that far. My great-aunt Dorothy lived in Patriot; perhaps I could borrow her car.

I also knew a certain Mrs. Woods, who lived in Patriot, had a motorcycle. Perhaps I could borrow it. I left the store and went to Mrs. Woods house. From outside, I could see a beautiful girl inside the house. I entered the house and walked into the kitchen where Mrs. Woods was sitting with her blouse opened so I could see her breast. I was told that her two sons, John Woods and Dennis Woods, had already gone to school.

### **Dream of: 27 July 1975 "Serpent from the Fire"**

I was visiting Debi (an attractive brunette who had been my girlfriend for a few weeks in the ninth grade in 1967) at her home in Portsmouth, Ohio. Debi had divorced her husband and she now wanted to see me. As she and I talked, I told her I had had a dream (which I had written in German) about meeting her just as we were now doing. When I pulled out the dream and tried to read it, one word in particular caught my attention: "Nadel" or "Nader" or something like that. I thought the word meant "serpent" in German. I had learned the word the previous day while reading the "Acts of the Apostles" in a passage where the word had been used to describe an incident wherein the Apostle Paul had been on the island of Malta and a serpent had crawled from the fire onto his hand.

John Smith (a desultory fellow my age whom I had met in Portsmouth in 1972 and who died in the mid 1970s) showed up at Debi's house. More tidy and clean than usual, John was also a bit thinner. I did not know if he

would remember me at first, but when he did, we smiled and shook hands.

After Debi and I had been in the kitchen for a while, preparing to go to the beach, she and I walked into another room and sat next to each other on a couch. After I had put my arm around her, we began kissing and I lay back with her on top of me. I felt so happy, as if Debi were the woman for me.

### **Dream of: 28 July 1975 "Gigantic Buses"**

My step-grandfather Clarence, my grandmother Mabel and I were standing in front of the Gallia County Farmhouse; we watched as two gigantic buses pulled up, smashed through the fence in front of the Farmhouse and drove into the field. We fetched guns and went after the buses. I threatened one of the drivers in the field, but I was afraid to shoot. He grabbed my gun from me; I hollered to Clarence for help.

### **Dream of: 30 July 1975 "Room 49"**

My father and his girlfriend, Kay, had gone to the county fair and left Kay's son, Jamie, with my second-cousin Jeff and me at the Gay Street House. Since Jeff and I also wanted to go to the fair, we left Jamie alone and absconded to the fair for a couple hours. When Jeff met a girl at the fair and wanted to stay longer, I returned alone to the House, where I sat down on the couch and quickly fell asleep. My father soon awoke me and angrily told me that Jeff had not returned and that no one was watching Jamie.

Kay walked into the room and we talked for a while. She said that since I was a young man, I should find a girl

like her. She looked rather pretty; I thought I would like to hold her.

She and my father finally went to bed, but my father soon came back out to where I was. He said that he was sick and that he wanted to go to room #49 at Mercy Hospital in Portsmouth. He left and I awoke Kay. As she and I sat down next to each other and I told her my father was sick, our legs rubbed together.

### **Dream of: 09 August 1975 "Puk"**

I was in some kind of university. I walked into a large room and took a test in German which lasted an hour. I then went into another room where I found waiting for me a second test in English with my name on the top. The room quickly filled with students. I looked at the test and asked a girl sitting next to me if it counted.

The questions were about vegetables. Questions two through five were to be answered by naming vegetables which are not cooked to eat. We were permitted to discuss the questions before we answered them and one attractive and eloquent girl mid-room led the discourse with lively gesticulations. I couldn't think of an answer. I thought of lettuce and radishes, but decided they could be cooked.

The next question asked, "How can the mushroom save mankind?"

At first I was at a total loss. One girl on the other side of the room laughed and said, "It sure can."

It was obvious she was alluding to psilocybin.



No one could seem to find an answer.

I began thinking of fairies. I tried to remember where I had read about the little creatures running around among plants and mushrooms and the name "Puk" kept running through my mind. Suddenly I knew the answer. I raised my hand and stated that the question was referring to the mystical experience alluded to by the psychedelic powers of mushrooms and it had something to do with the fairies.

### **Dream of: 09 August 1975 (2) "A Message"**

My brother Chris was lying in the street. His eyes were wide open and he seemed to be trying to speak to me. I imagined his spirit was living and I was rather frightened. The words "Jesus Christ" began flashing through my mind, as if Christ were trying to send me a message.

### **Dream of: 11 August 1975 "The Eyes Of Freud"**

I was at the Gay Street House. The area caddy-cornered to the house was vacant and a man was constructing a building there. It was already 8 a.m. and the man had a contract which required the building to be completed by noon that day. Many men were helping with the construction and my father was also working for the man for \$10 an hour.

I walked over to look to the construction site and was hired. When the man asked me if I could paint, I told him I could, and he put me to work painting.

Since there was so much work, it seemed impossible we could finish before noon. Soon, however, the building

took form and as we began placing furniture in the rooms, I seemed to see the large eyes of Sigmund Freud in one room.

### **Dream of: 13 August 1975 "Plants and Ants"**

After I walked out of a store and began hitchhiking, a car stopped and I got in. Clifford was in the car. He and I began talking about past events and he pulled out a tape player which contained a tape of a conversation between me and Hurley (a junior high school schoolmate). I tried to listen to it, but was unable.

I asked Clifford if he had ever smoked marijuana. He said no. I told him I had tried it often.

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I found myself in a stadium with many people. On a newspaper in front of me I spread something which seemed like marijuana, but which wasn't really marijuana. I piled the substance into ten little piles, nine of which turned into living plants and trees. The tenth pile had ants crawling through it. Someone called the police and they came. They were the same police who had arrested me for possession of marijuana in 1972. They admitted they couldn't find any real marijuana, but they wanted to arrest me anyway.

### **Dream of: 17 August 1975 "Rock Festival"**

I was at a rock festival (which reminded me of a rock festival I had attended in Watkins Glen, New York) on an island surround by a lake. A band, perhaps the "Grateful Dead," played. The act was to be followed by "The Band."

I saw Gunter (an imbecile I had seen in a tent revival meeting which I had recently attended while living a couple months in Trier, Germany). He looked like Joe Cocker.

After the festival was over, I left. I then met a group of people who were talking about the festival. They said that after I had left, a girl had sung and held the audience spellbound. Apparently she had been the same beautiful girl I had seen playing guitar and singing at the tent revival meeting in Trier.

When the people began talking about cleaning up the mess left at the festival site, I walked off and found a rake which had one prong broken off. I began raking the debris (which seemed like snow) into the lake. I could break off the debris with the rake and throw it into the water where it could melt. I had, however, to be careful not to throw the bag which I had with me, which was lying on top of the snowy debris, into the water.

When I found a tape player, I tried to hear the girl singing on it, as well as the voices from the crowd.

### **Dream of: 22 August 1975 "Memorial Day"**

Debbie O'Dell (a Portsmouth acquaintance) and I were together in a cemetery. She had parked her car nearby.

We walked up the road a piece toward a little cabin. A man drove up in a car and Debbie said it was her father. He demanded she go immediately home. But we went to the cabin instead.

I then had to return to the cemetery for something. I walked part way, saw Debbie's car, boarded it and drove

the rest of the way. I was in a hurry to return to Debbie because I wanted to have sex with her.

The trip back to the cabin seemed endless. I saw more cars pull up and I kept thinking it must be Memorial Day and the people were bringing flowers to the graves. Finally, I made it back. Debbie was wearing a dress. I immediately went to her, embraced and kissed her.

### **Dream of: 22 August 1975 (2) "Farm-Hand"**

I had just awakened one morning and was still lying in bed. I knew I must shortly go to work – I had been working as a farm-hand for my father. He walked into the room (with three other farm-hands) and yelled at me about the car – he said I couldn't use it anymore. I said OK and he left.

Several young ladies were in the house; before I went to work, I wanted to have sex with one. One lay down beside me for a while, but she didn't stay. I kept dozing off and before I knew it, I had overslept: it was 9:20 a.m. I rose, slapped one of the girls and prepared to go to work.

### **Dream of: 24 August 1975 "Broken Sunglasses"**

While in Portsmouth, Ohio, I bought a pound of marijuana from Phil Lane (who also seemed a little like other Portsmouth acquaintances from my teenage years, Leroy Maggard, Steve Buckner and Mike Walls, all rolled into one). Lane and I transported the marijuana to Lane's house and after descending to the basement (which seemed like the basement in Buckner's house), Lane and I sat in a little cement-block room. Having already rolled some of the marijuana into joints, I pulled out a joint and

lit it. Lane and I sat smoking until the joint became rather small. I then stuck the joint backwards into my mouth and blew smoke through it into Lane's mouth.

We decided to leave, walked outside and boarded a car. Lane and I weren't alone in the car - someone else was sitting in the driver's seat. Lane sat on the passenger side of the front seat while I sat in the back seat. After I stuffed the marijuana under the dash, we rode off.

As we rode along, Lane told me a little story. He said some black fellows had attempted to steal all his marijuana and Lane's father (whom I pictured as looking like the father of Mark Upton, another Portsmouth acquaintance) had encountered the blacks in the basement and had paid the blacks \$300 to leave. Lane said he afterwards pressed charges against the blacks, who were subsequently fined \$430 and sentenced to 30 days in jail.

I asked Lane to pull the marijuana out from under the dash and hand it to me. Lane pulled out the marijuana (which was in a container resembling a long, thin, rectangular, candy box) and after he handed the box to me, I stuck the box in the inner pocket of the long, green, army coat which I was wearing.

As we headed for the state liquor store on Gallia Street, I remembered my father had earlier warned me not to go to the liquor store. When we nevertheless arrived at the liquor store, we stepped out of the car and walked inside. Lane only wanted to buy two packs of cigarettes. Since I did not smoke, I did not want any.

While in the store, I looked at the bottles of alcohol and noted how expensive they were. When I saw a bottle of Tom Collins among the bottles, I remembered that Buckner used to buy that particular brand. I thought about buying a bottle, vacillated and decided not to. I then saw a bottle of whiskey which looked like a bottle of chocolate milk. Somehow the chocolate milk and whisky had been blended together. I thought about how good it must taste.

After Lane had ordered two packs of cigarettes, things became confused, and the store clerks tried to force Lane to buy 20 more packs. Somehow I became entangled in the mess and the clerks tried to compel me to buy 70 packs of cigarettes.

Cheap broken pairs of sunglasses were lying all around the store.

I tried to plead with a police officer who was in the store, but I had no success. I felt a trifle like Josef K., the main character from Franz Kafka's novel, *The Trial*.

Worried about the marijuana in my coat pocket, I feared the people in the store knew I had it. I remembered my father's having told me not to struggle, but to simply give in.

When Lane and I were finally able to leave the store, we carried the cigarettes (and some broken sunglasses) in a plastic bag to the prosecutor's office, which was down the street in a building beside the Laroy theater. After we walked into the prosecutor's office and told the prosecutor what had happened, he said that the whole thing was ridiculous and that we did not have to buy the

cigarettes. Relieved, we returned to the liquor store and informed the officer at the store of the prosecutor's words. We deposited the plastic bag with the cigarettes and broken sunglasses on the counter and left.

Lane and I got back in the car, which Walls was now driving. We rode off and hustled recklessly, drugged, through the streets.

### **Dream of: 04 October 1975 "Errant Prince"**

It was in the early 1400s and the scene was on board a ship. A rumor had it that queen Maria Theresa was dying.

The next scene was on land and the year was 1558. A man was riding around on his horse and found a large black dog. The man lay down and used the dog for his pillow. The man seemed poor, but actually he was the inheritor of the throne. The queen had outlived her immediate heir. At one time she had been sick and the immediate heir kept saying, "Kill her. Kill her."

But the immediate heir died before the queen did. Now the young man was next in line. But he didn't want to become king and so had disguised himself as a tramp and had taken off when the queen was about to die.

A girl came on the screen and began to sing as if in an opera. I realized I was watching television. The girl sang for the return of the errant prince. It rather amazed me that the girl, who was holding a Viking-type shield, had on a transparent top so her breasts were visible. Another girl was with her and her small breasts were likewise visible. I was amazed at first to see this on television, but then viewed it as quite normal.

### **Dream of: 13 October 1975 "A Soldier in Germany"**

I had become a soldier in Germany; even though I had my tent with me, I had spent the night in a youth hostel. I had to leave the next morning; I was going to have to use my money for a train. I saw a girl I knew as I was leaving and I kissed her on the cheek.

### **Dream of: 20 October 1975 "Psychology Class"**

I went to a psychology class taught by Mr. Gee (a karate teacher from Athens, Ohio). The tables in the room were long, cafeteria tables and several students were seated at each table. I sat down.

Tests which consisted of three sheets of paper with drawings on them were immediately passed out. The students had to copy the drawings, which were mostly of interwoven lines. One drawing was of a group of students clustered together.

I began working furiously trying to copy all the drawings. Rick Dupuy (whom I first met in 1975 when we were in the 10th grade together) sat in front of me. Soon people began handing in their papers, but I wasn't even half-finished.

The class was 2 hours long and ended at 6 minutes after 3 o'clock. At that time I still wasn't finished. I took up my paper anyway, and then discovered we hadn't been supposed to copy all, but only seven, of the drawings.

The class was actually two rooms and I had been sitting in the second (farther removed from the professor) and so I had failed to hear his instructions. I wanted to explain to him what I had done.



As I walked over toward his desk, I stuck my test papers into an old black and white psychology book which I was carrying. When I reached his desk, I began trying to explain to him what I had done. He gruffly demanded the papers. When he saw the papers in my text book, he seized them and crumpled them up. He screamed that I shouldn't have put my papers in the book and he tossed my precious 2 hours work in the trash. I began imploring, but he was intractable.

A young lady assistant dressed in white sat behind the desk. I begged her to intercede for me, but she dared not. She said mockingly to Mr. Gee, "He had his papers in a psychology book. You'd better not take them."

A crowd of students gathered to talk with Gee. I retrieved my crumpled papers from the waste basket. As I held them in my hand I began reflecting on the possibility of transferring to another class.

### **Dream of: 06 November 1975 "The French Connection"**

After lying by some railroad tracks and reading for a while, I decided to go to the Ressinger House. When I entered the house, I walked into the living room where I saw my father, my mother, my brother Chris, my sister, my second cousin Jeff, Buckner and Shaw.

Sitting on the couch was a ravishing oriental girl who resembled someone I had seen at Ohio University, Athens. She was wearing a blue night gown partially open so I could see her pubic region. When she saw me, she quickly covered herself. Realizing I knew her, I sat down beside her and we began watching television.

Feeling comfortable with her, I put my arm around her: I felt as if I were falling in love.

She told me either my father or Buckner had asked her to go to bed with him and she wanted to know what I thought she should do. I was completely taken aback. I had thought she was the sweet innocent type, but now she seemed ready to hop into bed with someone. I falteringly replied she should know the person better before doing such a thing. Then, awkwardly, I sputtered that I wouldn't mind going to bed with her myself.

The television show seemed like a cross between the movies *Three Days of the Condor* and *The French Connection*. People were constantly being murdered. One man stepped onto a train and shot four middle-aged Jewish women, hesitated, then shot a fifth one twice. When he ran out of bullets, he simply slugged a sixth woman in the mouth and ran off.

I couldn't concentrate on the show; during a commercial I stepped from the room. When I returned, the oriental girl was sitting on the floor instead of the couch. Turbulent and confused, I sat by her for a moment, then returned to my original place, as if to say I wasn't going to chase her. I said as much to the other people in the room, but glancing toward the oriental girl and noticing tears had sprung to her eyes, I couldn't help returning to her. I was in love and confused by what she had said earlier; but when I put my arms around her, I simply melted.

**Dream of: 26 November 1975 "Two Lovers"**

I was in the downstairs offices of the Gay Street House (my father's spacious Victorian home and office in Portsmouth, Ohio) and I was sitting with Pat Pitts (my father's secretary, roughly 20 years older than I) in her office. I sat on one side of the desk, while she sat in her usual seat on the other side. We had been talking about prostitution, and she confessed that before she had begun working for my father, her life had been rough and that she had often sold her body to earn a living. Quite surprised by such a confession, I could hardly believe it was true. She said, however, that since working for my father, that she had not practiced her former trade and that she was content solely with office work.

When I asked her about the fellow whom she was presently dating and whether her relationship with him was all business, she replied it was not merely business.

I moved around behind her desk to a chair right next to hers. I hesitated for a moment, then bent around and kissed her. She resisted for a second, but then opened her mouth and slipped her arm around my neck. I was overjoyed and light-headed by being so close to her.

Hearing someone coming, we quickly broke away, both in quite a state of confusion and turmoil. Pitts began moving her hands about on the desk as if she were working, but she obviously did not have a clue as to what she was touching. When some people walked in, I stood up in a daze and walked outside.

I could not grasp what had happened. I kept thinking how much I admired and respected Pitts, as if she were some unreachable ideal. As I walked around outside,

everything seemed to have changed. The House was still the same, but now it was surrounded by magnificent buildings such as I had seen in Europe. The House seemed small yet still not insignificant among so many brick arches and domes. It seemed the buildings were in the process of being remodeled and repainted in preparation for the bicentennial celebration. I watched the workmen busy at their duties.

When I walked back into the office, I found Pitts alone again. As she glided from one office to another, I gave her a quick kiss and we both smiled. I was a bit confused about what I was getting into, because I knew the next day I had to return to Columbus. Nevertheless, I talked with her a bit and asked her if my father knew about her former life. She said he did.

I then gave her a play by William Shakespeare about two lovers. One lover was a young man and the other an older woman. I had lost regard for much of the age difference between Pitts and myself; she seemed somehow much younger and radiant, while I seemed much older. Her eyes twinkled like a teenager's, while her voice sounded like that of a mature woman.

Some people walked in. While about six persons were standing around Pitts' desk, an argument broke out between a man and a woman. The woman seemed on the verge of tears. I stepped between the two and suggested to the man that he desist. The woman ran screaming into the other room. The fellow explained he was merely trying to give the woman some vitamins which she needed. I felt rather ignorant for having intruded for the woman's behalf when she was obviously behaving like an idiot.

### **Dream of: 11 December 1975 "No Love"**

I was at the Logan Street House with my mother, my brother Chris, my sister, Birdie and Ramey. Birdie, my sister and I were in one room looking out the window, while my mother was in the kitchen preparing something to eat. When Birdie and my sister left the room, I began reading some comic books.

I finally walked into the kitchen. Everyone was already eating; I asked why they hadn't called me. When my sister gave a fresh response, I walked around the table, intending to hit her. Instead, I grabbed her hand and bent it until she screamed with pain.

I decided I would like to take Birdie to a movie, but my mother wouldn't let me borrow her car, so I decided I didn't really want to go to the movie anyway.

I walked back and forth from one room to the next. My mother came into the room where I was and said there wasn't any love between us. She fell to the ground, cried and said at least Chris still loved me. As I walked over by Chris's bed, I knocked over a glass of his milk and I had to clean it up. I lay down beside Chris and felt sad.

### **Dream of: 11 December 1975 (2) "The Hearing Aid Dealer"**

I was a hearing aid salesman with T.S. Eliot, who was a hearing aid dealer. I wanted out of the hearing aid business.

### **Dream of: 09 January 1976 "The Parents of T.S. Eliot"**

I was speaking with the parents of T.S. Eliot about his poetry. I wanted to talk with T.S. himself (who was about 30 years old), but he was not with us at the moment; apparently he did not want to talk about his poetry.

**Dream of: 01 May 1976 "Messy Room"**

I was in Portsmouth and had arranged to see Birdie. I sneaked through streets on my motorcycle in fear that her husband Rick might see us. Birdie had brought a red motorcycle helmet which belonged to Rick for me to wear.

Finally, I returned alone to a room I had rented. It was a mess and I decided to tidy it up.

I had a sleeping bag which I had borrowed from a fellow upstairs. It looked exactly like mine except it was in a little better condition.

I talked with another fellow living in the house who reminded me of a picture salesman for Master Portrait Studios. He was studying to be a doctor and I told him I was planning to become a lawyer.

**Dream of: 17 May 1976 "Good For The Gander"**

I was in Florida where I wanted to obtain some LSD so I could sell it. I called up John Smith (an acquaintance from Pike County, Ohio) and spoke with his wife Debbie Smith who said she did not know where I could find any LSD.

I walked out into the street where I encountered two black fellows from Portsmouth, Ohio. The black fellows took me to a house where I found Debbie and Jane (a

former high school classmate). While I was in the house, I called someone on the telephone and asked about the price of something. He said the price was \$7.03.

I wanted the black guys to leave and I told them they had to go. They replied, "What's good for the goose is good for the gander."

Debbie was sick. I asked her if she wanted the black fellows to leave. She said yes. I spoke with them again and they left.

### **Dream of: 17 May 1976 (2) "Trip to Japan"**

I was in the upstairs bedroom of the Gay Street House talking with my father's friend John Roach. John and his wife Monica were planning a trip to Japan. They were also contemplating flying from Japan to Europe. I pulled out some maps, pointed out the distances and began expostulating the advantages of such a decision. I told John that he and Monica could stay in Paris easily for \$15 a day apiece. That would come to only around \$200 for a week.

I was sitting behind a dresser and John's clothes were on the dresser. In one of the drawers lay some handkerchiefs with writing on them. Some woman walked into the room looking for John.

For myself I was trying to decide whether to buy a car or a couch. The car was priced at \$3,000, but I was hoping to buy it for only \$2,100. The couch cost only \$200.

### **Dream of: 04 June 1976 "Killed in an Accident"**

My mother, my great-aunt Dorothy, my second cousin Don, my friend Weinstein and I were together in Portsmouth. We were waiting for my father to return from somewhere in West Virginia. Since he was supposed to have returned a day earlier, we were afraid something had happened to him.

Don and I left in a car which Don was driving. Unfortunately, Don soon wrecked into a wall. I injured my arm and the car was drenched in blood.

I made my way to a building. As I was standing in one of the rooms, a telephone rang. I answered the phone and a woman on the other end said she was calling from a hospital in West Virginia. She said, "Your father was driving at a high rate of speed, had an accident and was killed."

Shocked, I didn't hear anything else. I felt pain that my father was dead, but at the same time I was happy because I would now inherit his money.

### **Dream of: 04 June 1976 (2) "Law Student"**

I was a law student and had been studying for three weeks. I wanted to quit, but since the work wasn't difficult and I liked the other students, I decided to continue.

A young lady was here whom I liked. I talked with her and held her hand.

Something was then stolen. A student admitted he had done it; everyone was shocked.

### **Dream of: 06 June 1976 "Psoriasis"**



I made love to my sister. While she was nude, I saw she had psoriasis on her breasts, but it did not bother me.  
She said, "I love you."

I said the same thing to her.

### **Dream of: 13 June 1976 "Talking Nonsense"**

I had been playing golf somewhere in Kentucky and I had lost my ball. Since I was close to the office of Bob Stamper (my supervisor when I worked as a portrait photographer at Master Portrait Studios), I went there and asked him if he had a golf ball. He said he would help me locate one; he said it wouldn't take long. We both boarded his car and drove off.

When we arrived at a beauty shop, I learned Stamper's job was supervising several beauty shops which my father owned. Stamper said I would think he was queer if I saw how he was going to obtain the golf ball.

We went into the shop where several people were working. Stamper went over to an old man who was sitting there, pulled a gold ball out of the old man's pocket and threw it to me.

The shop had formerly been Lucy's (a woman who rented space from my father for a beauty shop), but she had quit some time ago. Now two new girls were running the show.

As I was leaving I noticed my former schoolmate, Maxie, having her hair done. I nodded to her as I departed.

Stamper and I headed back toward Portsmouth; he was driving a Roadrunner. His own car was in the garage. He

said he could drive 10,000 miles in a day; I corrected him and said 1,000. When we came to the US Grant bridge leading back to Portsmouth from Kentucky, we were halted by a group of uniformed men with some type of detecting device.

John Smith (an acquaintance from Pike County, Ohio) was now driving the car instead of Stamper. John began talking nonsense with the uniformed men about Jackson, Ohio.

### **Dream of: 17 June 1976 "Fields Of Cows"**

I was standing between two large fields. One field contained a herd of black cows and the other field contained a herd of red and white cows. A metal fence ran between the two fields. A few black cows, which had jumped over the fence into the field of red and white cows, were trying to jump back into their field. I watched them springing back over. An electric wire was also on the fence, but it wasn't functioning.

I was afraid of being here.

### **Dream of: 19 June 1976 "A Beautiful Life"**

A fellow named Dave and I had ridden my red Honda motorcycle out to some wide fenced-in cow pastures in northern Florida. We intended to search for psilocybin mushrooms in the pastures. After dismounting the bike, we forded a creek, made our way into a field, and scanned the piles of cow dung, the fertile home of the hallucinogenic mushroom. At first we failed to find anything, but finally we came to a spot where we had searched once before. The last time we had found two mushrooms here, and this time again we had luck: I

discovered seven or eight mushrooms while Dave also uncovered a few.

But our fortune was short-lived: two people, standing near a house on a neighboring hill, had suddenly appeared. Dave and I were instantly alarmed, aware that we were blatantly trespassing, and that possession of the mushrooms was a crime. We scuttled back toward the creek, crossed over, and raced to my motorcycle.

To our chagrin, once we reached the bike, we found a man and woman stationed next to it. Clearly the two strangers knew what Dave and I had been doing. Since I realized that I had to dispose of my mushrooms, that I couldn't be caught with them, I crammed them into my mouth, chomping and swallowing them as fast as I could.

As I gulped down the mushrooms, I starred at the woman, who appeared ancient, and whose eyes shone red and blue. When she addressed us, announcing she knew two men who had recently begun believing in God, I rejoined, "Yes, it would be a beautiful life."

As I continued edging toward my motorcycle, the man and woman didn't try to stop me. They simply watched as I climbed on the bike, fired it up and rode off.

Although I had been allowed to escape, I was acutely worried about my driving ability. Already the mushrooms were taking effect and I was beginning to feel like a small child.

### **Dream of: 21 June 1976 "The Holy Meeting"**

On a lark, I had gone with two other fellows to a white church (which reminded me of the little white church in the village of Patriot, Ohio). I expected to find the

preacher and his sermon to be absurd. As the church began filling with people, I noticed a girl sitting behind me who reminded me of someone I had once known named Bev. Even though the girl's mother (who looked vaguely like Carol, the first woman with whom I ever had sex) was with the girl, I thought I would like to be with the girl.

After the preacher walked to the front and began preaching, I quickly became tired or disgusted with the sermon and I headed toward the door. As I walked out, I shouted some words back into the church, one of which was "Raserei," a German word which I thought meant "nonsense."

After the sermon had finished, the other people in the church also walked outside and I spoke with the girl. She told me that even though she was 18 years old, she couldn't go anywhere because her mother was so strict. I told her if she were 18 she had the right to do what she liked, but she didn't believe me. After talking to her a while, I felt as if I might like to go to bed with her, but I decided that doing so would be foolhardy.

I was surprised to see Dr. Weinstein (an optometrist who was the father of my good friend Steve Weinstein) outside. Dr. Weinstein and I spoke briefly.

I also saw my father outside. Although I had ridden a motorcycle to church, I decided to leave the motorcycle there and depart with my father in his car. On the ground lay about thirty centimeters of snow which my father began helping me pile onto the motorcycle to camouflage it. My father and I then boarded his car and arrived at a house in Portsmouth, Ohio, where my father

parked the car. We both stepped out of the car and walked into the house.

I knew that my mother and two of my brothers were in a room somewhere in the house. A blonde-haired woman was also running around the house.

My father and I began performing a rite. He told me to stand on his shoulders and say something like, "The holy meeting with my father will now begin."

I did so. He then dipped his head into a bowl of water (which he had in the closet) and shook his head. I in turn took the bowl and poured the water over my head.

When I then heard my mother moaning somewhere in the house, I asked my father to accompany me to find her. As he and I walked into the hallway, I discovered I had lost my voice. When I saw the blonde-haired woman standing in a doorway for a moment, I thumped my hand on the wall to get my father's attention. When he stopped, I formed the words "blonde woman" with my lips, but no words came out. My father advanced no further with me.

I walked alone through the hallway and passed the room where my two brothers were engaging in homosexual activity. One had his eyes turned back as if he were insane and yellow sperm splotched on his butt.

I walked into a room where my mother lay covered with blankets and moaning. When I saw that the blankets were soaked with blood, I thought she was having her period. After I walked over to her and asked her if she were bleeding, she virulently cried out, "Even if I weren't

bleeding it wouldn't make any difference. Mother can't seem to keep her hands clean."

Sensing the dire meaning of her words I groped for her hands. In one I found a knife which, buried deep in her flesh, was ripping out her insides.

### **Dream of: 04 July 1976 "In The First Grade"**

I was working as a photographer for Master Portrait Studios. The studio was in an old house near Carter Caves, Kentucky.

Since school was beginning, I had received permission to take two days off to go to school. I was in the first grade.

My supervisor, Elaine, was supposed to take me. We started to leave, but then I changed my mind and I said I did not want to go to school. Elaine simply said, "Every cocksucker has to choose his own way."

We went back to the studio. Dean, my boss, then said I had to go to Hearn, Kentucky to take pictures.

I had earlier told Dean I wanted to stop taking pictures.

Since that time, I had changed my mind and I had decided I wanted to continue taking pictures. Dean said I could continue working as long as I wanted. I knew he thought I was a good photographer.

I couldn't find any clothes. I walked into a room where I found much clothing, but I did not know whose it was. I put on a shirt, but it was too small.

I walked out to the road and began hitchhiking. A car stopped and I jumped in. Two men inside were friendly and I asked them if they were going to Hearn. They said

no and I said I would then not be able to go with them.  
Then they said they could take me to Hearn.

Suddenly I remembered Elaine was supposed to take me to Hearn. I decided to leave the car, but the men wouldn't let me out. Afraid, I quickly opened the door and sprang out. The men stopped the car and came back to where I was. I ran but they continued after me.

I had a gun. I shot at them and then I ran to the studio.

### **Dream of: 01 August 1976 "Lyrics of Songs"**

I was in the forest near Portsmouth with Cha Cha (the younger sister of my old Portsmouth girlfriend, Sussie) and some other people. I wanted to be with Cha Cha. I had my motorcycle with me and another motorcycle was also parked there.

I kissed Cha Cha and she liked me. I began writing her a letter on some lined music paper.

Another girl who was prettier than Cha Cha was there, but I did not go to her.

Someone began riding my motorcycle around through the forest.

I wanted to leave. I kissed Cha Cha again. I told her I would write her a letter and I said, "Listen to the words of the song if you want to understand the music."

I had said that because I did not think she paid much attention to the lyrics of songs.

### **Dream of: 14 September 1976 "Bleeding Turtle"**

I was at the Gallia County Farmhouse with several other people in their early 20s. At first not too many people were here, but then more came until the Farmhouse was too crowded. I wanted to take a bath, but so many people were here, I had to wait.

I was married and my wife was here with me. I loved her and felt she likewise loved me. She said something that made me angry. I had some water in my hand and I threw a few drops in her face.

Some people here had caught some turtles. I also, had caught two, but I wanted to let mine go back in the creek because it seemed that people here were mistreating the turtles. I let one of the turtles fall to the ground and it was badly injured. It lost a leg and much blood, which poured out like tomato juice.

I encountered a Chinese person and told him he was a "fucking pig."

### **Dream of: 17 October 1976 "Gas Station"**

I was riding my motorcycle and pulled into a gas station where I met John Smith (an acquaintance).

I saw Kate (a Columbus acquaintance). She was beautiful and she liked me. I kissed her and she kissed me back.

I encountered Young (a friend of Birdie's). I was in love with her and asked her to marry me. I was ecstatic. But I quickly regretted my desire because I could see she wasn't spiritual and I couldn't talk with her about spiritual matters.

### **Dream of: 26 October 1976 "Jealousy Hinders Love"**



I was in a house which resembled the New Boston House (a ranch style house which my father built in 1968 in the neighboring town of New Boston, Ohio, next door to Portsmouth). As I lay in bed sleeping, I could hear my father outside talking with his girlfriend Kay (twenty years younger than he). Earlier, my father had been with my mother, but since he and my mother had been unable to get along, he had returned to Kay. I overheard him ask Kay if she would marry him.

When I finally woke up and rose from the bed, I found many people in the house, including my uncle Liston (my mother's brother) and Liston's family. Apparently a family reunion was in process.

I looked for my father and when I spotted him sitting outside on a blanket with Kay, I walked over to him and told him I wanted to speak with him. Kay immediately suspected why I wanted to talk with him and she began screaming. I took my father to the side anyway.

He and I walked down some outside stairs to the basement of the house. When I asked him if he were going to marry Kay, he seemed uncertain. After I told him I didn't think marrying her would be a good idea, he seemed palpably upset. I told him I had my reasons for thinking the way I did and I began to explain the reasons to him.

I said that Kay was a jealous person and that someone in love shouldn't be jealous. I said that jealousy hinders love and that a jealous person doesn't allow her lover to do anything for anyone else. That was why Kay would become angry when my father would do something for other people. For example, when he did something for

me, she felt resentment toward me to such an extent that she even resented my being alive.

My father was upset. When he walked back up the stairs and back into the house, Kay again began screaming like a wild animal. Sensing that I obviously wasn't going to be able to talk with my father anymore, I decided to leave.

### **Dream of: 01 February 1977 "Impaled"**

I was in the back seat (on the driver's side) of Steve Buckner's car, while Buckner was in the driver's seat. Six people, including myself were in the car. We were sitting in the parking lot of the BBF (a hamburger carry out) in Portsmouth, Ohio. Next to me sat a pretty girl who seemed somewhat like Ursula Dials (a girl I had known in Portsmouth as a teenager) and somewhat like Carla (another Portsmouth acquaintance I had known as a teenager). The others in the car were smoking some marijuana. I was tempted to smoke, but I didn't. Finally, however, someone handed me a metal pipe and I took several deep hits from it.

Suddenly someone said something about the police and I saw the police behind us. Buckner started to drive off, but then stopped the car. Everyone inside was in a panic because of the marijuana. I knew Buckner had a large baggie full of marijuana (too much to eat), so I also was quite frightened. After the police surrounded us and ordered us out of the car, Buckner stepped out. As one policeman turned his head, Buckner suddenly ran wildly across the street toward an alley. One policeman ran directly behind Buckner and two others ran around a building to try to cut him off. Unfortunately for Buckner,

a fence stretched across the entrance to the alley, so Buckner couldn't run into the alley. In front of the fence stood a garbage can. Buckner leaped onto the garbage can and attempted to jump over the fence, but he failed in the attempt and was impaled across his midsection.

All I could see were his kicking feet. Since I was sure that Buckner would be charged with resisting arrest, I began thinking about the legality of what had happened.

### **Dream of: 04 February 1977 "Stuck in Snow"**

I was in my car and was stuck in some snow and ice. My wheels kept spinning, but I could not free myself.

### **Dream of: 04 February 1977 (2) "Chemistry Class"**

I was in what appeared to be a chemistry class. It seemed to be a third or fourth grade class. I remembered I had once before studied chemistry, but then had stopped.

The student sitting next to me was a fellow who had attended Grant Junior High School with me – his name was Don. He pulled the chair out from under another student named Gary Hamilton (a former classmate from junior high school) as Hamilton was seating himself and Hamilton fell on the floor. The teacher, a woman, raced over to Don and told him he must be paddled. She said he would receive two licks.

### **Dream of: 06 February 1977 "Counterfeit Money"**

I was in Puebla, Mexico at a window which looked like a bank teller's window. I was in some kind of domed hall and the window was one for exchanging money. It reminded me of a similar window which I had seen at the

train station in Luxembourg. I had just given the woman some Mexican money. Among the notes I had handed her was one note for 20 pesos. She examined the note and said it was made from paper. She signified that it was counterfeit and that she couldn't accept it.

I had received that particular 20 peso note just a short time before from some agency for railroads. Either at the railroad agency or at someplace associated with it, I had exchanged some American money for Mexican. I remembered distinctly where I had obtained the 20 peso note. I even had a blue slip of paper which I took from my billfold; the paper had the evidence of the first place I had originally exchanged my money. Plus, in the upper half of the paper was an indication of the exchange for the 20 pesos. I was nervous but not frightened. The lady persisted in refusing to accept the money and she asked me if I wanted it back. I said, "No. Call the police."

She picked up a microphone to an intercom and said, "Polizei."

The word blared over the system. I looked over to my right and saw a policeman standing at a counter grinning at me. He was a tall lanky fellow (about 40 years old). He was Mexican and had a black mustache. He finally came over and began trying to speak to me.

By now I was quite nervous and I spoke in a high pitched, crackling tone. I talked earnestly about the matter, but without thinking, I said everything in German. The man didn't understand a word of what I said. I finally realized what I was doing and I began laboriously attempting to explain the matter in Spanish. I

had to think about every word I spoke in Spanish whereas in German I had spoken spontaneously.

Another young fellow showed up whom I had never seen before. He was French and spoke no German. But he was fluent in Spanish and English. The policeman beckoned him over to assist. We spoke with each other for a short time and the policeman directed the fellow to accompany me back to where I had originally obtained the 20 peso piece. I walked out of the hall into the light and began trying to communicate with the peculiar fellow.

### **Dream of: 10 February 1977 "Unwelcome Visitors"**

My mother, who looked young, was lying in bed with me in the New Boston House (a house which my father built in 1969 in New Boston, a village next door to Portsmouth). She reminded me of a picture I had seen of her taken when she had been about 18 years old. After we had sex and I had an orgasm, she left.

While I waited for her to return, other people began showing up, including Steve Buckner (my good friend from high school), Jeff Morgan (a friend of Buckner's), and Mark Upton (another friend). Two families which I didn't even know also walked in. Each family included a father, mother and some children. I was angry that so many people had come because now I wouldn't be able to be alone with my mother if she returned. I was also angry with Buckner for having brought Morgan with him. I screamed at everyone that they shouldn't be there. The two families were quite surprised by my words.

### **Dream of: 15 February 1977 "Meeting in the Church Basement"**

While working as a portrait photographer for Master Portrait Studios in Wheelersburg, Ohio, I went to a meeting with some other photographers. Bob Stamper (my superior) - who was making shooting assignments - had failed, after assigning the work for the week, to give me a location to shoot. I pondered the situation for a moment and finally I flatly said, "I quit." Stamper looked a bit annoyed as I told him I would bring my photography equipment in.

I was in a hurry to unload the photography equipment from the trunk of my car because I wanted to say good-bye to the other photographers before they left. There seemed to be more female than male photographers. One female looked like a girl I had known in Columbus named Sue, but she seemed more like my old girlfriend, Birdie. I knew that I had once had strong feelings for her and now I wanted to say good-bye to her.

I walked outside to my car to retrieve the photography equipment. It was snowing.

It seemed that my meeting with Stamper had been taking place in the basement of a church. It was Sunday morning and the parking lot of the church was crowded. After I boarded my car and started it up so I could back up to the back door, I saw that I would have to squeeze through two parked cars to reach the back door. In a hurry, I gunned my car as I tried to squeeze between the two cars. As I did so, my back end slid around and hit the front end of a green car.

I immediately stopped, stepped out of the car, and looked to see if there was any damage. My car was undamaged. At first I thought the green car was also

undamaged, but then I noticed the paint on the front had been badly chipped. I looked at the spot and saw a kaleidoscope of different colors where the chip had occurred. A young lady stepped from the car, glanced at the chipped spot and then proceeded to the back door of the church to call - I assumed - the police.

My thoughts were tumbling one over the other as I attempted to survey the situation and determine my liability. As I tried at first to think of a way out, I first thought about suggesting that the young lady had run into me, but I decided that wasn't a good idea.

I climbed back in my car and backed up to the back door of the church. I thought - since the accident had occurred on a private parking lot - that the police would have no authority in the matter. So I began unloading my equipment from the trunk to take inside. I feared that Sue had already departed by now.

### **Dream of: 02 March 1977 "Blood Test"**

I was with several people in a park in Portsmouth. Someone came along with an instrument like I had seen in a park in Mexico. It consisted of a little electric box from which two wires extended. At the end of each wire was a handle. The idea was for two persons to each take hold of a handle and then the boy holding the little box would turn on the electric current. The current was barely perceptible at first, but gradually the boy would increase the current. The stronger person would be able to endure the stronger current.

With this particular instrument, however, instead of holding a handle, it was strapped around one's arm. A

little button was attached to one's finger so the instrument could immediately be turned off when the current became too powerful.

Several people were present and the instrument was strapped to each person's arm in succession. The dials were numbered and went up to 180. No one was allowed to look at the dials while he was undergoing the shock. If anyone went over 100 he was supposed to win a prize. We all tried it the first time but no one made it over 100. We tried it again and this time we were allowed to watch the dial as we underwent the treatment. The first person made it to 115. The second person, who seemed like my poet friend Jeff from Columbus, made it to 180. Then my turn came and I also made it to 180. I could feel the current passing through my body and my arm becoming numb from the electricity.

Since more than one person had succeeded in reaching 180, we would have to undergo a second test to determine who would win the prize. We had to walk down to the bus station and have a blood test to determine how many white blood cells we had in our blood. Whoever had the most white blood cells would win.

On the way to the bus station, I became involved in a tong game. Two people were playing, Beth Barret and Walls. I sat down to help Walls. Beth dealt the cards and Walls had three jacks and two eight's. Beth immediately laid down a flush and said she won. I protested, explaining to her that in tong, a simple flush didn't win. When she had spread her cards, I could only see the top corner which looked like a diamond on each card without a number. Only instead of red, they were dazzling blue.



Beth continued to maintain that a flush won; someone else sitting at the table agreed with her, so I finally gave in.

In the next hand, Beth dealt Walls four deuces and an ace. Again Beth immediately tried some slight of hand and laid down three cards which totaled ten points and explained in some incomprehensible way that it was unnecessary to lay down the other two. At first I protested, but then thought that since Walls only had nine points that he was lower than her and that we would simply burn her. Unfortunately we lost one of our cards. The cards themselves seemed at that point to have the consistency of cheese rather than paper. I also noticed the numbers on the cards were arranged like dominoes rather than cards. I scrambled about under the table looking for the missing card, but couldn't find it anywhere.

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I found myself in an open field with several other people with backpacks. We all left the field, but then I returned alone. Buckner had been one of the people in the field.

He had left part of his back pack lying here on the ground and I reflected about how careless he had been. I picked up the backpack with the intention of returning it to him.

I also noticed in a dizzy height of a tree two sweaters of mine sprawling on the branches. I tried but couldn't reach them. I thought about finding a stick with which to reach them.

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I found myself in a basement with several other people. I had done something bad, but couldn't remember what. Two older people came in and wanted to know who had done the bad thing. All the people here knew I was the guilty one, but no one would tell. For some reason, I had needed to go outside do the bad thing, and upon returning had taken off my shoes. I realized now that if either of the older persons saw that I was barefoot that I could be found out.

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I was hurrying along Gallia Street in Portsmouth on the way to the bus station to have my blood tested.

### **Dream of: 04 March 1977 "First Step"**

I was sitting with several other people in an immense, gloomy room. It was the morning of March 4, 1977. Steve Dayhoff (an acquaintance whom I had met while traveling in Mexico) was standing and speaking rapidly about realizing he was an alcoholic. He said at one time he had worked in an Alcoholics Institute and was familiar with their programs. During his speech he expressed a desire to stop drinking alcohol. As I listened to him, I thought the first step to being cured is realizing you have the problem.

At one point I thought how much I would like to be in an university environment.

### **Dream of: 05 March 1977 "Green Pickles"**

My mother was living in the upstairs section of the Gay Street House. While I was upstairs packing my things to

leave, my father's girlfriend Kay walked up the back stairs – she wanted to show me a baby she had.

After I had seen the baby, I walked up to the attic to fetch some clothes, and while in the attic, I heard an altercation break out below between my mother and Kay – apparently my mother did not want Kay upstairs where she (my mother) was living.

I descended the stairs from the attic and walked out the attic door. As I walked through the hall toward the upstairs kitchen, Kay (standing on a chair and glaring at me) began screaming at me. I became irritated and asked her in an angry manner why she had to start an argument now when she and I had been getting along so well together. I became more and more angry until I seemed to be losing control.

I abruptly grabbed a large jar of green pickles sitting in the kitchen and hurled them down the back stairs into the first-floor section of the House (the section which had been rented out as a beauty salon). The jar made a thundering crash as the pickles smashed all over the floor. When my father suddenly appeared on the scene, I immediately regretted what I had done.

I walked down the back stairs into the beauty salon (installed in the rear section of the first floor of the House) and found a woman standing there looking at the mess I had made. Lucy (the owner of the beauty salon) continued working in the next room on one of her customers in a vain attempt to ignore what had transpired. As my father meekly watched, I began cleaning up the mess. When I started to put the slop into

a trash can without a plastic trash bag in it, he suggested I put it in another can which had a plastic bag.

After I had finished, my father and I walked out onto the back porch and I asked him if he were going to remove Kay from the upstairs. He seemed reluctant to do so. I became emotional and threw my arms around him. He looked more my age than ever and he did not really resemble my father in appearance – he looked more perhaps the way I would look when I would be his age.

He was thinner and taller than normal; he was also smoking a cigarette. I held him tightly at first and then at arms length. I sputtered, "If you let her move upstairs I'll never come back here again."

I immediately regretted what I had said, but it was too late. When I told him to look at how close our ages were now and how closely we resembled each other, he seemed sad and confused. I held him close and pleaded for him to stop smoking cigarettes. When I asked him if Kay was going to be allowed to usurp my mother's place upstairs, he indicated she would.

We walked out into the alley behind the House and he asked if I knew anyone who could perform an abortion. I asked him who needed the abortion, but he would not tell me. I immediately assumed Kay was pregnant.

Apparently, he was seeking an abortion for her, even though the child could not possibly be his since he had long ago had a vasectomy and was unable to have more children.

**Dream of: 06 March 1977 "Associate of Henry James"**

Weinstein, Buckner, and I were in Mexico in a car which Weinstein was driving. I was sitting on the passenger side of the front seat and Buckner was directly behind me. We were cruising along lush, green mountain ridges; the lights of houses shone in the background.

Weinstein and I were in the middle of a philosophical discussion. I was expatiating about something and I had a sense of deriving my thoughts from books I had read, especially those of Sigmund Freud.

Weinstein mentioned a man who had associated with the novelist Henry James; I thought Weinstein was referring to Henry David Thoreau, even though I didn't believe Thoreau had been an associate of Henry James.

Weinstein seemed to disdain Thoreau. I began to uphold Thoreau, although I had no clear picture of the ideas which I had found in Thoreau's book *Walden*.

As Weinstein drove on, I managed to lie down on my stomach in the front seat. Weinstein condemned me for my laziness while Buckner reached over from the back seat and began pressing on my back, causing me discomfort.

We arrived at the house of Herbie (a fellow whom I had met in Mexico City). I woke Herbie up and wanted to speak with him. Herbie said it was 12:08 a.m.

### **Dream of: 06 March 1977 (2) "Frisky Dog"**

While I was in Portsmouth, I decided to pay Walls a visit. He had married and was living in a house in the country. I rode my motorcycle to his house about five kilometers from the town. Snow was on the ground.

At the large white house I found Walls, his wife and his Weimaraner dog, Hansel. First I walked into a large room, empty except for Hansel. In one corner of the room was a telephone pole. The dog ran toward the pole, leaped as high as he could upon it and barked thunderingly. Upon closer investigation, I found a Siamese cat hanging precariously at the top of the pole. I let the dog out and he immediately ran friskily about in the snow. A highway was in front of the house and I feared that he might run in front of a car and that I would be blamed for it.

Walls' wife walked into the room and I asked her if it was all right to let the dog out. She said yes. The dog was running in and out of traffic. It finally dashed across the street and began digging its way wildly into a large snowbank.

Walls' wife and I continued talking. She seemed much older than Walls, more like his mother. She mentioned Walls had a girlfriend who kept bothering them there. I then discovered that indeed the girlfriend and her father were in a car outside the house and Walls was out there talking with them.

The girl's father helped her out of the car, because she was disabled in the legs. She was short, plump and unattractive. Walls' wife sat calmly by and watched as the three of them entered the house and sat down.

### **Dream of: 11 March 1977 "Pumping The Brakes"**

Buckner and I were in a strange town in a car which I was driving. I dropped Buckner off somewhere and told him I was going to go buy some beer.

I arrived at a small carry-out (little more than one room two meters square), walked in through a door in the back which led to a side room and found therein a most peculiar bowling alley. At the end of three or four short lanes were set miscellaneous beer bottles in random order to take the place of pins. The bowling balls consisted of beer cans. Men were furiously throwing the cans at the bottles, causing a great deal of commotion.

I slipped back into the carry-out section and tried to make up my mind what kind of beer to buy. There were various sized brown beer bottles and cans. After much deliberation, I decided to simply purchase a six pack. After I handed the man the beer, he rang it up and told me it would cost \$2.82. I first hesitated, thinking the price was exorbitant, then declined altogether. I told him I had decided not to buy. He didn't seem perturbed. He gave me some leaflets which apparently contained some advertising.

I left the store, boarded my car, and drove down an alley in search of another carry-out. I was thinking about how much each bottle of beer would cost and I calculated that 6 times 40 equaled 240 and 42 divided by 6 equaled 7, but somehow I confused the 40 with 60 and reasoned that each bottle would have cost over 60 cents.

At the end of the alley I saw a gas station and now confused the buying of the beer with the buying of gas. The sign was for Red Top gasoline and read 52.9 per gallon. I began thinking 52.9 was certainly much cheaper than the sixty-some cents I would have had to pay at the carry-out, and I was glad I had decided to look around before I had bought. I began thinking about how much I would spend for gas.

As I approached the station, I discovered to my chagrin, that my brakes wouldn't work. I kept pumping the brake peddle with no result. Would it be best to crash into a nearby gate to stop?

### **Dream of: 12 March 1977 "Revolution in Writing"**

I was in an apartment (near where I lived) which reminded me of an apartment in Mexico City which belonged to a fellow I had met named Oscar. Oscar wasn't in the apartment, but Paul (the older brother of Steve Weinstein, my good friend from my high school and college days in Portsmouth, Ohio) was there, and Paul reminded me of Oscar. Also in the apartment was a young lady about my age who somewhat reminded me of Porginski (an attractive blonde who had been a year younger than I at high school in Portsmouth).

Although I really didn't know the woman, I had been with her once before, and on that previous occasion I had told her about how I recorded my dreams and how I wanted to turn them into a book. In the intervening time since I had talked with her, she had decided to write a book of her own along the same format. Apparently she had begun writing her dreams, but was having trouble putting the material together and she asked me for help. At first the word "plagiarism" slipped through my mind, but the word quickly slipped away, and I decided to help her.

I decided to show her the first dream I had written for my book and I began looking about the room for my notebook. After locating the notebook, I searched through it for my dream, which I had trouble locating, but finally found. Instead of being written in normal



form, the dream resembled the shape of a line puzzle, the type of tracing puzzle where one begins at one point and traces a line through a maze to reach another point.

The maze consisted of the words of my dream tightly pressed together in all sorts of convolutions.

Although the words were difficult to follow, I was nevertheless able to begin reading the dream. I soon realized the dream wasn't the first one I had written for my book. I looked at the date of the dream and saw it was dated January 1974. I then knew the notebook I was holding was an older one in which I had written some of my earlier dreams. This was not the dream for which I was searching.

I searched for the new notebook I had bought a few days earlier and in which I had been recording my dreams.

After I found the new notebook, I looked up the first dream along with my accompanying introduction to the dream. After finding the dream, I read it to the woman.

After she had heard the dream, the woman asked me to accompany her to her place to help her with her dreams. I agreed to go, but I was apprehensive. I thought if she were to succeed in her venture and publish her book before I, she would be the one to receive credit for the new format of writing. Since I had never read or heard of such a book, I was under the impression that the book would prove to incite a revolution in writing.

Paul, in the meantime, had been reading a book. Apparently now he had some pornography in his hands and had become quite aroused. He wanted to go into the bathroom and, as he said, "relieve himself." I protested

that he should accompany us. When he remained adamant in his desire, we decided to leave without him.

Before we left, however, the young lady stood across the room from me and again asked me whether I was sure I wanted to help her. I looked at her and became absorbed in her beauty. I caressed her whole body with my eyes. Almost hypnotically I responded that I could refuse her nothing. I began to think if she succeeded with her book, the juxtaposition of male and female views could prove beautiful.

As we stepped outside, I was still thinking of the new development the work could lend to literature and I wondered if the development would be significant or inconsequential.

Outside, peculiar phenomena immediately began to happen. First I felt a surge of something within my body and I spat heftily on the pant's leg of someone standing near me. Then I spat several times on the ground. The spit looked more like sperm than spit. I stuck my fingers in it.

I heard many voices in chorus chanting, droning like Tibetan monks. I slipped into a different state. I saw only visions cascading one over the other and I vaguely thought I was dreaming. Among the things I saw was a large statue of a man with one hand outstretched, astride a large white horse. The image seemed endowed with energy and was vibrating.

### **Dream of: 13 March 1977 "Assassin"**

My father and I were in a room of a large house, watching a news program which reported that evidence

had been found which linked a man to the assassinations of John Kennedy, Martin Luther King and Robert Kennedy. The report declared the man had been present at two of the assassinations and copies of pictures taken of the man were shown. In one picture the man was wearing a uniform and was being held by a policeman whose fingers tightly clasped the man's shoulder blade so the man was unable to free himself.

Another foto pictured the man soon after one assassination. He was sitting on a conveyor belt and was being conveyed past the police. Now, however, the man apparently was no longer in custody, and even though he had been arrested after two of the three assassinations, he was now free and was being hunted.

I walked outside the room into a long hallway, along which ranged several large rooms. One spacious area in the hallway was undergoing some construction which allowed the hallway to be accessible from the outside. My father also walked into the hallway and looked into each room to make sure no one had sneaked in. He was concerned the man responsible for the assassinations might find his way into the house.

By the time my father and I returned to the room where the television was, the newsreel had ended. I mentioned to him that if the authorities could find evidence linking the man to Lee Harvey Oswald and Jack Ruby, the case would be pretty well sealed up. It was frightening to think one man could have masterminded all three murders.

Since my mother and my sister were outside waiting for my father and me, he and I prepared to leave. My father

walked back up the hallway one more time to check everything.

As I looked up the hallway to where my father was, I noticed the door to one of the rooms was open and the lights were on inside. While my father cautiously proceeded toward that room, I turned and headed in the opposite direction, toward where my mother was waiting. As I passed another room I looked in and saw someone standing inside. Horrified, I recognized the person as the suspected assassin whose picture we had just seen on television. He was wearing a tee shirt with black and white horizontal stripes. Terrified, I continued walking past the room and I whispered loud enough so he might hear, "I didn't see anything."

What should I do? What should I do? Call my father? – I feared he would arrive too late. Run out to my mother? – I feared the man would attack her. I saw no way out of the dilemma – except for some possible stroke of good fortune.

### **Dream of: 13 March 1977 (2) "Garden Club"**

While my sister and I were at the Gay Street House, we decided to visit my mother, who had moved from Portsmouth to the neighboring community of Rosemount, and who was presently taking care of my sister's baby.

My sister and I boarded a car which my sister was driving and we headed toward Rosemount. As we rode along I asked my sister why she did not stop dating her boyfriend, James. She immediately became infuriated and intimated that I should mind my own business. We started fighting and exchanged several blows. I lashed

out at her and slapped her several times until she finally calmed down.

I then leaned over and began kissing her mouth. When she responded, I began feeling her breast, slipped my hand between her legs, ran my hand up under the pair of loose shorts she was wearing, and began caressing her vagina. I pulled my erect penis out of my pants and attempted to insert it into her vagina, but I had a premature ejaculation which left a white puddle of sperm on my leg.

When we arrived in Rosemount, we passed a school which had just released its children.

Since I was planning to live with my mother, I thought I would be spending some time in the area and I wondered if there was a garden club or any similar little societies there.

We reached my mother's home, a one-story apartment with other apartments on both sides. I became upset because the neighbor boys had left their bicycles in the driveway, leaving us hardly any room to park. I said something would have to be done about that.

When we entered the house (the atmosphere of which reminded me of a house in which my old girlfriend Birdie had been living in Wheelersburg, Ohio), I saw my sister's child on the couch. The child looked as if it were about two months old; it had blond hair and smiled incessantly. I sat down next to it and began playing with it.

My mother was looking through her mail for a check she had been expecting. We were all planning to visit my grandmother Leacy, and my mother wanted to have a bit

of money to take with her. The check however had not arrived.

### **Dream of: 18 March 1977 "Vampires"**

Birdie, Rick Mauk (an acquaintance from Portsmouth), and I had traveled for about four hours from Portsmouth deep into the mountains of either Kentucky or West Virginia; we had finally arrived at a large house where I was planning to have a vasectomy. We entered and seated ourselves in the front room. As the night passed, I began to perceive something wasn't right in the house and I began having many second thoughts about having the vasectomy.

Through the window of the room I could see an old, insane-looking woman sitting on the window sill of a neighboring house. Sometimes she would hang from the sill, sometimes she would put herself in grotesque positions and distort her face.

The house we were in began to seem haunted; midway through the night I decided we must leave as quickly as possible. But somehow my car had disappeared. I decided we could either remain in the house and stay awake all night, or I could call my father. Since it was already about 3 a.m. and I didn't want to wake my father at such an hour, I decided it would be better to wait until morning and then take a bus. We would probably reach Portsmouth just as quickly as we would if my father were to come to fetch us.

The time passed in a flash – suddenly it was light outside. As I sat in a chair by the window, something which appeared to be a body clothed in white fell down past the

window from above. I heard a crash on the ground and when I looked outside, I saw the old woman again. She raised her head and peered at me through the window. She contorted her head in frightening ways which made me shiver.

The wife of the man who was going to perform the vasectomy walked into the room. I told her I had changed my mind. Rick pointed to a pile of firewood and since I sensed I was going to need a weapon to leave, I picked up a sturdy stick from the pile. I told Rick and Birdie we must leave at once. But just then the doctor entered. By this time it was around 7 a.m. It surprised me to see the doctor enter the room, because I thought he had been sleeping upstairs all the time. He stood in front of the door, while some of his children came in and began running around. I suddenly thrust one end of my stick into the mouth of one of the children. I had suddenly realized they were all vampires; I struggled to get away from them.

### **Dream of: 20 March 1977 "Breath-Holding Contest"**

I was in a gigantic hall with about 50 other men. We were at a meeting and had eaten a large feast. While we all sat around after the meal, I wondered how well I could hold my breath in relation to the other people here. I decided we should have a breath-holding contest. I persuaded the others to do it and we proceeded.

First I had each person tell me how well he thought he would be able to do in relation to the others. I asked each person what percentage bracket, to the nearest five percent, he thought he would be in when compared to the others. For myself, I thought I would be in the top

20%. One fellow sitting near me said 4%, which rounded off to 5%. Another said he would be in the top 10%. But I was surprised to hear most people say about 50%, and I wondered if I hadn't estimated myself too high.

I had a pen and paper and wrote each person's name and estimate. One person, whom I identified as B.G. Noel (a Portsmouth acquaintance), refused to comply. So we asked him to leave the room until we finished.

We then discussed the format of the contest and decided that each person would have three tries and that their final result would be the average of the three scores. One person, an older man, was appointed to signal the beginning. But each individual was charged with determining exactly when he stopped, and was required therefore to have a watch with a second hand or sit near someone with such a watch. Many people had watches, but some people didn't. I indicated to the crowd that if anyone needed a watch, they could sit next to me and use mine.

During the proceedings I was gradually increasing my breath intake. The contest was almost ready to begin. I inhaled as deeply as I could and filed my lungs to capacity.

### **Dream of: 20 March 1977 (2) "Getting Along with Ghosts"**

I was with a girl I once knew in Columbus named Eddy. We were traveling together on our way to New York and were close to the city. We stopped and spent the night in a modern-style house virtually devoid of furniture. Eddy and I slept together. Even though I did not find her



attractive because she was rather obese, I still became aroused by being so close to her during the night. Close to morning I manipulated her hand until it was on the outside of my undershorts on my penis. I then again moved her warm hand inside my undershorts until she clasped my throbbing penis. Finally, I slipped off my undershorts and we began squirming around the bed together. I wasn't interested in her body, but I did want to insert my penis into her mouth. But I couldn't seem to position myself correctly.

We finally arose, walked outside and sat on the front lawn near another person. I kept looking at my watch trying to see the time, but the light from the sun hampered my vision. Eddy looked at my watch and said it was 11 o'clock. But I wasn't satisfied with that and I kept trying to see the watch myself. Finally, I saw it was actually 5 o'clock. I looked out at the horizon and saw the sun was on my right and close to the land. I indicated to Eddy that the west was to our right, the east was to our left and the south was straight ahead. The sun was therefore just about to set in the west and the time must be about 5 p.m. We therefore had slept through the whole day.

I returned alone to the house and decided to spend another night here. I was thinking of simply moving into the house on a more permanent basis. I talked to someone here about the idea and he mentioned that the house was haunted. I then began hearing noises in the house and I began going from room to room trying to find out what was making the noise. But whenever I would go to one room, I would hear a noise from another room and I became more and more apprehensive. Just as I had finished examining one room and had begun

walking down the hall away from it, I heard a noise behind me. I turned around and saw a man coming out of the room I had just been in.

He was about two and a half meters tall, and stout. He could hardly fit through the door and he stood in the doorway measuring himself beside it. I was, to say the least, astonished. I approached him, demanded to know who he was and asked what business he had here. In my hand I was holding the metal leg of a kitchen chair, and when he did not respond, I hit him over the head with it. He did not even seem to notice and I was sorry I had hit him. He began rambling from room to room as if he were looking for something. Meanwhile the noises continued.

Finally, I walked into the kitchen and saw the sink full of dishes. A glass began rising by itself out of the sink and floated through the air. Finally, it dropped and smashed on the floor. The same thing happened again with another glass and I became thoroughly convinced the house was haunted. I decided it was time for me to leave. I returned to the bedroom to pack my clothes and found the room in utter disorder. Things were flying all about through the air.

Another person whom I recognized as a friend arrived. I told him I was leaving because the place was haunted and I showed him the evidence. But actually I did not want to leave.

I walked back out into the hall where I again found the tall man and I told him I was sorry for having hit him on the head. He seemed unconcerned and he proceeded to search for something. I finally concluded that ghosts

weren't necessarily bad creatures if one could simply learn to get along with them.

### **Dream of: 03 April 1977 "Hiding in a Church"**

While I had been staying at the House in Patriot, Ohio (the home of my maternal parents when I was a child), I went to a nearby fair which was supposed to last for six days. The first day I found a job working in one of the game booths, where I worked for two days. On the third day I began working at a different game booth and was making \$10 a day. My old high-school friend, Steve Buckner, was also working there.

On the morning of the fourth day, while on my way to work, I became concerned about whether I was going to be paid for the work I had done the first two days in the first game booth, especially since I had quit that job early. I did not trust the fair people. I was also a bit diffident about returning to the man in the first booth and asking for my money, even though I knew he owed me.

I took my time as I walked toward the fair. I was supposed to be there at 10 a.m., but when I looked at the two hands and numbers on my watch, I saw that it was already almost 11:30. Obviously I was going to be late.

The ground was covered with snow.

Along the way to the fair, I came upon a church, behind which stood a parsonage. I circled around behind the parsonage, and since I was late for reaching the fair, I decided to take a quick short-cut through the yard of the parsonage. I discovered, however, that the short-cut was blocked by a fence.

I stepped up on the porch of the parsonage. I knew who lived inside. I looked through the window and beheld a well-furnished and clean interior, but I did not see any people in there.

I slipped across the porch to the other side close to where the fence was connected to the house. Concluding that I could climb over the fence from the porch, I placed my foot on one of the wooden posts of the fence. As I tried to climb over, I slipped and my foot broke the fragile fence (only made of plastic) in two. Now inside the yard, I, aghast, stepped back and surveyed the damage. I immediately concluded that paying to have the fence repaired - with the meager amount of money which I possessed - would be the honorable thing to do. After examining the extent of the damage, I saw how the fence was nailed to poles and I estimated the amount of work which would be necessary to repair it.

I looked again through the window into the house and again I saw no one inside. In a flash, I decided to slip away and just let the fence hang. Inside the yard, I dashed to the other side, only to discover that I was trapped on the other side by another gate fastened shut by a complicated set of wires. Working quickly, I deciphered the wires, dexterously unfastened the proper one, opened the gate and fled.

Fearing that someone might see me, I pulled the lined hood of my blue jacket over my head. I dashed across a driveway toward the church and reached the front of the church. When I saw a woman walking toward me, I stepped inside the church so she wouldn't see me. From inside the church door, I gazed outside and watched the graceful, well-kept, blonde woman walk past the church

and head toward the parsonage. I was unsure whether she lived there.

When I heard a toilet flush inside the church, I realized that someone else was also in the church and that that person might catch me there. In desperation I flung open the church doors and ran wildly down the road in the direction of the fair.

**Dream of: 04 April 1977 "Fending off a Dog with my Flute"**

While at a party at the Grandview Avenue House (a two-story, frame house in Portsmouth, Ohio where my mother, my sister, and my brother Chris lived from 1970 to 1971), I was lying on the couch with Missi Williams, who was totally nude. We were both intoxicated on alcohol. It was late in the morning and I wanted Missi to go upstairs and have sex with me. She was resisting the idea, but I almost had her convinced. She said she did not want me to think there was anything deep between us. I responded as diplomatically as I could that I simply wanted to have sex with her and not fall in love with her.

Steve Tubbs (a Portsmouth acquaintance) walked in with a large white dog; he ordered Missi and me off the couch. I was in no position to argue with him. He began saying something about having taken pictures of Missi and me lying sprawled out on the couch. In my oblivious state, I had been unaware of that. He then escorted Missi outside.

I sat down on the couch and leaned my head back, whereupon I touched a peculiar stringed musical instrument which resembled a lute, only much longer.

The owner of the instrument rushed over and grabbed it.  
I then picked up my flute and sauntered to the front  
door.

I wanted to see what was happening out front. Missi was running up the street being chased by someone. I returned inside for a moment and then went back out onto the front porch. The person who had been chasing Missi now held both her and Tubbs in his hands and was pounding their heads (especially Tubbs) on the sidewalk.

I became frightened. Since I knew Tubbs was the toughest person around, if that fellow could do that to Tubbs, he could pulverize me. I supposed he was angry because Tubbs was with Missi. I was afraid someone might show him the photos of Missi and me together; I had better go back inside. But I now found my way blocked by the large, white dog. I pushed the dog back by placing the mouth of my flute in the dog's growling mouth. I was thus able to reach the front door.

Once inside, I headed to the kitchen in the back of the House where I saw two sweaters lying on a chair by the refrigerator. I picked them both up. One was my beige and red sweater with the inwoven picture of the reindeer and Christmas tree on the front. The other was a blue one which I had never seen before. I dropped the blue one (although it was the nicer of the two), put on the beige one and went out the back door into the alley.

I decided to cut quickly across the yard of the house on the other side of the alley and try to get to Mound Park, which was only a block away. From there I could either try to reach the Gay Street House or call a taxi.

Just as I entered a vacant lot on the other side of the alley, a white car came through the alley. I thought it was someone looking for me and I crouched in fear behind a fuel oil tank.

**Dream of: 04 April 1977 (2) "Artistic"**

I was sitting in a booth in a restaurant with two pretty young girls (about 17 years old). They were both sitting on one side of the booth while I was sitting in a chair on the other side. At my side was a window adjacent to a sidewalk. I hadn't known the girls long and had seen them only once before. A girlfriend and her boyfriend were supposed to meet us so we could all go somewhere together. As I looked out the window I saw the boyfriend walk by. He looked a bit dressed up and I was apprehensive my clothes were too shabby. But since I was wearing my beige sweater and a brown tie, I wasn't too concerned.

I talked with the girls, but I did not feel comfortable because I did not know them well. The girl sitting closest to me had long, black hair and pretty features. She was wearing a red dress. She reminded me of Dykes (a Portsmouth acquaintance) and I told her so. But actually she was prettier than Dykes. But I told her that every time I looked at her I associated her with Dykes. I also mentioned Dykes used to work in a dentist's office.

I asked her to sit on my lap and to my surprise, she did so without hesitation. But once she was on my lap she seemed inordinately large and her head seemed to tower over mine. Her breast, however, was on a level with my face and she kept pressing it into my mouth. It was soft and delicate and I enjoyed the feel of it.

The other girl then stood up and went to the far end of the restaurant. The dimensions of the room seemed to change and it was almost as if the walls were curved. I seemed to be looking down a long tube about three meters in diameter. I could see her at the opposite end of the tube.

I wanted to make conversation and began saying that at a certain point in life, people usually begin to think about marriage, and often begin to have an idea of the kind of person they would like to marry. I asked the girl at the other end of the room if she had an idea. She said she did and I said, "Describe him."

She first said he would be cute. At that point something ensnared her attention and she turned away for a moment. The girl on my lap giggled and said, "Well, that eliminates about half the people."

The other girl then looked back and said, "He'd be intelligent."

I then thought that that would take away the other half. The girl then said he would be brusque. I thought she had meant to say "witty" and had gotten the word confused with "burlesque." But I inferred she meant "witty."

Up until the quality of "witty" had been brought up, I had thought I would be in the running. But since I did not think I was a witty person, I now felt disheartened.

At that point I needed a pencil and paper to figure up what percentage of people would be "brusque." However the girl on my lap objected when I began searching my pockets and she said we could figure it up in our heads.



I began thinking about what criteria I would use in choosing a wife and my first thought was "artistic."

**Dream of: 05 April 1977 "1976 Presidential Campaign"**

I was at the House in Patriot (a cottage in the small village of Patriot, Ohio, where my maternal grandparents lived when I was a child). The kitchen/living room had been converted into a class room and a man who looked like the professor of a psychology class I had attended in my first quarter of college at the branch of Ohio University in Portsmouth, Ohio, was standing in front of us. He also reminded me a bit of James Schlesinger.

Apparently the topic of the class was the presidential campaign of 1976. We were studying on a map, which the man had in the front of the room, the itinerary of vice-president Walter Mondale as he campaigned in 1976. Mondale was also in the room and stood behind me. At one point someone asked whether Jimmy Carter could have won if Mondale had been the vice presidential candidate for both Carter and Gerald Ford. The professor said, "No, Ford would have won."

At that point I looked around at Mondale, who seemed to agree with the statement. His tie was a bit askance.

The professor went on to show that Mondale's responsibility in the campaign had been to visit small rural communities in an effort to sweep up votes. He showed, using the map, how Mondale had visited one small town three times. I thought to myself that he had probably taken on a lover there.

Then, by use of another map, he showed that the population centers were in other areas and he displayed a large map of Pittsburgh and Philadelphia. The map however showed that Pittsburgh had the shore of an ocean on its west side. Philadelphia was farther inland on the east side.

The professor seemed like a friendly person. Since the other students weren't responding much, I decided to ask a question. I asked what was the percent of urban compared to rural population in the USA. I had to pronounce the word "rural" twice, since I mispronounced it the first time.

He said he did not know for sure, but would guess about 65% urban, 35% rural. I said I would have guessed about 60% urban, 40% rural.

The professor sat down in an easy chair in front of the class. I was sitting more to his left than directly in front of him.

The entire class now seemed interested and the pupils (most 17-18 years old) began raising their hands for questions.

One girl asked a question which I did not understand. Bolata (a little girl about five years old who had once been a neighbor in Portsmouth) was sitting across the room from me. She asked a question which I couldn't hear. I placed my hand to my ear and asked her to repeat. She stood up and I noticed how white her little teeth were. She began walking toward me and loudly repeated the question. She seemed cute to me. I reached

out and held her soft, little hand. Then I tugged her closer to me and gave her a kiss on the cheek.

She immediately began crying and ran toward the professor, who likewise was taken in by her childish beauty and gave her a kiss on the cheek. She likewise recoiled from him and leaving the room said, "You stink."

I was uncertain to which of us she was referring, but I thought although my clothes were a little dirty, I had taken a bath and I did not think I stank.

### **Dream of: 20 April 1977 "Decrepit Sick People"**

While I was in Mexico, my father and someone who seemed like my brother Chris came to visit me. They both entered my room, which seemed somewhat different from the one in which I had actually been living.

Not wanting to be around my father, I walked downstairs and crossed over into another building. I ascended the stairs of the other building and came up to a floor on the same level as my room. From there I hoped to find a crack in the wall through which I could watch my father's actions.

When I entered a room, I found it inhabited by an assortment of decrepit, sick people, and I made some slight noises, causing everyone to jump as if they feared I would hurt them. Some people were lying on their beds and some were slumping in their chairs. The miasmic air made the room seem like a leper colony. Dirty trays and plates lay scattered on the floor; the place reminded me of the Gallipolis State Institute, a mental hospital near

Gallipolis. Not wanting to stay, I turned to leave. A hollow-faced man sat up in his bed and watched me exit.

I hurriedly raced down the stairs, wanting to get out of here before I became infected. At the bottom of the stairs I bumped into two men (each about 20 years old). They seemed intoxicated on alcohol and wanted to pick a fight. I looked through the hall out into the street where I could see two uniformed men.

I managed to make it past the two belligerent men and back out into the street. I reentered the building where I lived. It seemed like a hotel and a desk clerk were here.

The two belligerent men overtook me and were preparing to beat me.

### **Dream of: 21 April 1977 "Guatemalan Beach"**

I went to the American English Institute in Mexico City, Mexico to teach English. But I had forgotten my key. I found Ferdinand (one of my English students) and another student waiting outside the door. I had recently met the other student when he had sat in on my class one day when his teacher hadn't shown up. Since I knew the secretary would soon arrive, I began the class outside the door with them. They began reading from the book.

When the secretary finally arrived, we were already inside the classroom. I suddenly remembered that it was Monday and that I wasn't supposed to teach today because I was quitting. I then asked the secretary about the check I was supposed to receive from my last nine days of work. She said I would have to talk to a Mr. Chow Chow later.

I walked into a classroom to wait. Another young fellow who was obviously going to be the new teacher to replace me, showed up and walked to the front of the class. The room filled up with about 20 students and I noticed some attractive females among them.

I stood to the side and listened to the new teacher. Ferdinand seemed disconcerted at first since I wasn't teaching. I went up to him and, speaking in Spanish, told him I was quitting and that the fellow in front was the new teacher. Ferdinand still didn't seem relieved and finally he and the other student I had been teaching rose and left. The secretary seemed a little upset by that and made a mark in her book. Soon three or four other fellows also left.

I listened to the teacher. He was a young fellow about my age. He was speaking so fast I could hardly understand what he was saying. He began to explain the meaning of the word "centennial." He said it derived from a Latin word which meant "to think." I wanted to tell him that he was wrong, and that the word was a cognate of the Spanish word "cien" which meant "one hundred." But I thought it would be best to refrain from speaking.

Finally, exasperated with waiting, I went again to the secretary and asked her about my check. She arose and accompanied me through a corridor to a balcony. We were on the second story and overlooked an inner courtyard. We could see another building across the yard. She yelled at someone at a window on the other side and received an answer. She then walked down the stairs and I followed at her heels.

I suddenly found myself on an ocean beach which seemed to be somewhere in Guatemala. I walked along and thought how I would henceforth live more frugally and would even begin washing my own clothes. I ran along the beach. I came to a green place where thistles were growing. I saw an open area of sand by the water and headed toward it. The water lay to my left and washed up over my feet as I walked. To my right lay a long-stretching cluster of large, tall, white flowers. I became entranced with their beauty and wondered what kind of flowers they were. They had three or five snow-white petals and yellow pistols and stamens inside. They were fantastic.

### **Dream of: 14 May 1977 "Little Theater"**

I went to the Portsmouth Little Theater, but when I arrived, I found it had disappeared. Some other people were supposed to have met me there, but no one was in sight. I waited a while and was about to simply leave, when I decided to call Bertie Roe-Boggs (a Portsmouth, Ohio acquaintance) at her home and find out what had happened. I stepped over to a gas station which consisted of only one room about the size of a telephone booth. I saw an old phone which was somehow unlike any I had ever seen.

I removed the receiver and placed a dime in the slot. At the other end someone unfamiliar began talking. A younger sister of Bertie's named Lisa came on the line and tried to tell me something important about a person named George, but we had a bad connection and her voice quickly died away so I couldn't hear her. She seemed young and seemed to like me.

After hanging up the receiver in exasperation, I looked back over in the direction of the Little Theater and saw a few people, including Bertie, now there. I was upset because everyone was an hour late. I wanted to tell Bertie I couldn't afford to waste my time like that.

Bertie was going to be the director of a play. I walked up to her and she placed her hand on my hand. We walked along with her hand still on mine. I slipped my thumb around her hand and caressed it. I let my hand drop and tried to hold hers, but she pulled away. All the while we were talking. I asked her if she knew anyone named George. She said yes, she had given him a ride last night and she had had a little trouble with him. But she had been able to handle it. She said he lived at 4th and Offnere Streets in Portsmouth. It was really Danny Simpkins (another Portsmouth acquaintance) she was thinking about.

She walked on ahead and left me standing.

### **Dream of: 30 May 1977 "Christ and Frankenstein"**

Inside a building with immaculate walls and corridors, I began hearing a voice echoing, "Supreme riskers, supreme riskers," and I saw a robot moving along one of the corridors blaring out the message.

In the various rooms adjoining the hall were machines which apparently were supposed to respond to the call.

When I walked into one room, it rather seemed as if I were not even there, although I was still able to see my surroundings. To the left was what appeared to be some type of orange machine which stood perhaps a meter high and looked like a box. Within the box stood a man

who appeared either to be sleeping or in a trance. He seemed to have something bound around his head. To his left was a doorway which apparently led out into the maze of the corridor. I felt a strong affinity toward the man. Although he did not look exactly like me and I could not clearly distinguish his features, I felt that a definite consanguinity existed between us.

When the door cracked a bit and the message resounded through the room, the man momentarily awakened. He was obviously perplexed at his predicament and at this point my thoughts seemed to be his. He was apparently being turned by something or someone into a machine.

He seemed to have total amnesia and could recall nothing, yet he could clearly surmise his predicament and the danger in which he found himself.

The door opened and a fellow in an orange suit entered. The man in the box resumed his former rigid state and appeared as before. The new fellow bent over to untie something and, without warning, the man in the box gave the fellow a powerful slug on the jaw which knocked him out. The man in the box proceeded to cautiously step out of the box. He noticed a piece of orange cloth, like a sheet, wrapped around the machine and connected to the door handle. He moved stealthily to the door.

Apparently he stepped outside the door and found himself - as I found myself - starrng at a gigantic picture scene which showed a large crowd of people among whom stood a crystal-clear image of Frankenstein with his grayish-greenish skin, the two rods protruding from his neck, and his sad, sad eyes. The crowd seemed engaged in watching something and the direction of the



gaze turned toward the street where Christ was being carried, alive, through the street, nailed to the cross. The head and shoulders of Christ were brought into focus and Christ exchanged a moving and poignant stare with Frankenstein.

### **Dream of: 20 July 1977 "Drafted"**

My father and I were at the House in Patriot. A war had begun; I had been drafted and ordered to fly an airplane into battle. My father had also received instructions to pilot a plane. Unlike me however, he had prior flying experience. My father, another pilot and I were supposed to fly our three planes against two enemy planes.

Distressed, I spoke with my father - who was lying down - about the matter. I had the idea that two of our planes could meet the two enemy planes while the third waited above the clouds to dive down and attack unexpectedly. My father explained that no one knew how to dive these days and that a successful dive must be directly vertical to the ground - a position from which it was extremely difficult to maneuver.

I felt at a loss. I couldn't understand why I was being drafted to fly when I had never piloted a plane in my life. The battle was scheduled for the following day and in a spasm of emotion I told my father I wouldn't fly, that I would fight if necessary, but I simply couldn't pilot a plane.

I decided to leave and go to headquarters. I found a rusty rifle (probably a .22 caliber) to take with me. The rust on the gun had formed beneath the surface plate and didn't really show through until I began rubbing it.

I started walking down the road and soon noticed many cars passing by. People seemed excited by the news of war. I continued walking and held out my hand to hitchhike. A man in a truck (with a black dog in the cab) pulled up beside me. I boarded the truck and told the man he looked familiar.

Tears were quietly rolling from my eyes; I was choking in spasms. My whole world and everything I believed in seemed turned upside down. The man asked me where I was going. I was unsure. I wanted to go to a recruiting station which I assumed was in Gallipolis.

I began having a mental picture of two sets of trains. One with men was going to the front lines to fight. Another was simply filled with accessory men needed to assist the front men in action. I was determined to be on the first train headed for the front.

### **Dream of: 05 October 1977 "Labyrinth"**

I was sitting on the porch of the Gay Street House. Several people were inside at a meeting. I had previously taken part in the meetings, but today I did not feel like it.

I looked inside the House; the carpet was no longer there, but had been replaced by linoleum. About ten people came and entered the House. I remained on the porch because I felt as if my father did not want me to take part anymore in the meetings.

My old friend Randy Ramey came walking down the street. He was wearing a jacket and a pullover and looked quite sharp. I spoke with him and he said he was selling insurance now. The insurance he was selling was

not life insurance or accident insurance, but a religious insurance that paid for all these things.

He left and I remained alone on the porch. I was nude. I had a pair of pants with me but I was not wearing them.

The people at the gas station across the street could clearly see I was nude. Down the street stood the Alexandria House, a large old-age home, but now it seemed like a gas station. I pulled on my pants and decided to leave.

I headed across the street toward the church which sits there; I went through the alley between the church and the Alexandria House. I decided to take a shortcut and turned into a house situated nearby. It seemed like a labyrinth inside. There were many rooms and many people lived in the different rooms. I opened a door and a woman screamed; she wanted to know what I was doing there. An alarm sounded. I finally found the outside door and fled. I ran through the streets until I found a group of poor people selling vegetables; I decided to stay with them for a while.

### **Dream of: 10 October 1977 "Achieving a Mystical Experience"**

I was fasting in the market place of a Mexican town. A man and woman (each about 40 years old) were with me and they were also fasting. The woman was quite obese and the man was also rather overweight. They both had black hair. They were sitting at a table and I sat with them. A younger boy taking care of a small booth was close to me. He had a watermelon which he was thoroughly examining. He found a small spot on it which he thought was a bruise which had damaged it. I saw,

however, that it was simply some dirt or dried feces adhering to the side and I indicated he should simply wipe it off. He did so and took out a knife and sliced the melon open. It split open and looked red and juicy, although a bit unripe about the edges. I wanted a piece terribly badly but I refrained. I also noticed some pornographic pictures lying on a bench where the boy sat, but they did not interest me at all.

I did not say anything to anyone here, but we still seemed to be communicating. I was drinking water from an orange juice carton and before I knew it the water seemed to taste like orange juice. I was afraid I had broken my fast. The overweight man and woman were in agony but they still seemed to have the necessary determination to continue the fast. Suddenly the overweight woman put her arms around me and held me so tightly I could hardly breathe. We toppled into a nearby bed and rolled around on it a bit while she almost squeezed the life out of me. Her husband sat idly by and seemed not to mind our behavior.

I left and went to a fairground. Another man about my age was with me. We were both fasting. But somehow I had devised a way to drink some soup without breaking my fast. I drank the soup but was still just as hungry as before. It was early morning and the fair hadn't yet opened. We were standing in front of one of the rides. It was the type of the ride which looks like a Ferris wheel except the seats were enclosed with wire mesh and the seats turned around in all directions. Since no one was around except we two, I decided to take a ride. I entered one of the little cages, somehow turned the machine on and away I went. I figured out how to control the seat enough so I would be upside down most of the time. It

was quite exhilarating spinning around and around. I had a cream-filled doughnut with me which I ate. I could taste it but it gave me no strength. I finally tired of the ride and hollered to my friend to turn the machine off. He did so and I helped it stop by sticking out my foot and dragging it on the ground when we came to earth. Afterwards I stepped out and stood and talked with my friend a few minutes. I told him I thought fasting was a way of achieving a mystical experience. All the ancient holy men had fasted, I said, and he agreed. The sky seemed red and I felt bad about having eaten the doughnut.

### **Dream of: 15 October 1977 "Insulating a Church"**

I had gone somewhere out in the country to estimate the price for insulating a large white church. My mother had given me the church's key which was similar to the thin, worn, bronze-like key to my large step-van.

When I arrived at the church I parked in a field on the opposite side of the street and crossed over to the church. A girl working in front of the church seemed to be picking up leaves or paper from the ground. I went straight to the front door without speaking to her and stuck the key in the door as if I owned the place. I turned the key, opened the door and walked in.

Inside, the ceilings were about six or seven meters high and the dimensions of the room were about ten by fifteen meters. The atmosphere was chilly; it was rather dark but not dismal. I felt tired, walked to the front and sat down in one of the pews. A table with white cloth was in front of the pews.

I must have fallen asleep and came to with a start. I looked out the window and saw it was snowing. I walked back out and crossed the street toward my van. It looked as if about a half centimeter of snow had fallen. I tried to slide on the pavement to see if it was slick, but there wasn't enough snow to slide on.

I realized the church and the lot on which my van was parked were located atop a hill. The road also came to a sharp curve here; I thought the curve might make it difficult for me to maneuver my van out of the lot.

At least my van was parked facing the road, so I didn't have to turn the unwieldy thing around. I managed to pull out and headed down the road. I couldn't remember exactly how I had arrived there. But the road began to resemble state route #73 in Scioto County, Ohio.

### **Dream of: 15 October 1977 (2) "The Psyche"**

My mother and I were living in the House in South Shore, Kentucky (where I lived when I was 10 years old). A fellow wearing a red cap (pulled down almost over his entire face) came to the door for me. When I stepped outside to meet him, I recognized him as my second cousin Keith. He had arrived in a blue jeep driven by his older brother, my second cousin Jeff. Another fellow who reminded me of Chuck Welton (a high school acquaintance whom I had hardly ever known) was also in the front seat of the jeep.

They were smoking marijuana and they asked me if I wanted some. When I asked them if the pot was any good, they said the pot was about 10 times better than regular Colombian marijuana.

I was in a terrible mood. I told them that I would go with them, but that I would have to return soon because I was being hired by Ron Pasquinelli (my boss when I had a paper route in 1970) to take over a Cincinnati Enquirer paper route. Jeff and the others said they understood because they likewise had Enquirer routes.

I boarded their vehicle and we rode off in the direction of Portsmouth, Ohio. I sat in the back with Keith, who put some marijuana in a pipe. I lit the pipe and took a deep hit from it. The marijuana crackled and a few pieces which looked like brown paper fell onto the floor.

Keith pulled out a jar which contained the marijuana (which was in cubes and looked like croutons). I plopped one piece into my mouth and ate it. When Keith saw what I had done, he put the lid back on the jar. Jeff said that he was selling the cubes for \$2.50 to \$5 apiece and that they were eight-way hits.

I began to feel rather intoxicated and the sky started to look watery. The vacuous conversation of the others was boring me so I decided to change it and I asked a question about the psyche. When all three rattled off something that Socrates believed about the psyche, it sounded as if they must have memorized what they were saying for a class.

### **Dream of: 05 November 1977 "Woman's Rights Movement"**

It was a few days before Christmas and I was at my mother's home. Steve Weinstein had come home for vacation and was visiting me. He was upstairs getting

ready to go out with my mother, his parents and me to a movie.

When he came down the stairs I was quite surprised. He was wearing a black jacket, a black cape and a black derby hat. A rather short girl was with him: at first I thought was quite young, I finally realized she was in her early 20s. Her hair, which was black and cut in a Cleopatra-style, fell almost to her shoulders. She was introduced to me and the first three letters of her first name were Riv. Weinstein explained the letters of the name had been formed from the first letters of a woman's rights movement. The first word in the name of the movement was "River."

### **Dream of: 03 January 1978 "Fellowship"**

My old philosophy professor Rembert Glass and I had gone to Columbus, Ohio to visit Lou Khourey (who ran a group called the Zen Pyramid Society) there. Khourey's place wasn't the upstairs apartment I had remembered his living in, but rather an apartment on the first floor - the door of which opened directly onto the sidewalk. The place seemed to consist of one sparsely furnished room in which the colors red and black predominated. It had an invigorating air and seemed to be an outgrowth of Khourey's personality.

I felt rather sheepish and embarrassed about being there. It appeared a meeting of the Zen Pyramid Society had just concluded. Lou and two other men were there.

One of the other men was named "Antonio." He had apparently joined the group after I had left. Khourey was briskly arranging some things in the room. Khourey and the other fellow, who seemed to be a solid member,



joked with Antonio about whether Antonio was really a member.

Rembert asked me if this was the group I had told him about. I told him it was. He tried to remember how I had described the group and he asked if it had something to do with fellowship. I replied, "Yes."

Khourey and I stood facing each other. Everyone seemed in jovial spirits although I felt bad about never having contacted Khourey after I had left. Khourey and I started to shake hands, but something seemed to stop us as our hands began to touch and we backed away from each other.

Khourey spoke to Rembert, "Oh we realized that Steve left because he had to study in the university. But I believe he still has a book of mine. Oh he has written me such descriptive letters of his life since leaving."

He spoke sarcastically but not harshly. He seemed hurt and I felt guilty. I sorely wished I had written him. The group seemed alive and functioning well together. I regretted not so much not being a part of it as not having shown respect for it.

Rembert began asking me about my dreams and I became vaguely lucid. He asked me what I had dreamed the night before. I began drawing closer to consciousness with the firm thought of recording what I had just experienced and sending it to Khourey.

### **Dream of: 08 February 1978 "The Real Mexico"**

While I walked through the streets of Mexico City, Mexico (although it did not seem like Mexico City), I

played a flute which seemed more like a recorder since I was holding it in my mouth and it extended in front of me rather than to my side. I was producing some unique sounds and was using an unusual technique which made the notes sound low and rough but quite pleasant. I was playing beautiful, original tunes which I composed as I walked.

I must have been in the black section of town, because the people were black. Some were leaning out of windows, some were waiting in line for a bus. As I walked past them playing away, everyone looked at me and I became a trifle worried some thug might try to take my flute from me.

I entered a room where I found Mike Saxby (a British fellow whom I had met in Mexico City) and Augustus (a Columbian fellow I had met in Mexico City). Augustus did not seem to be feeling well and was complaining about something. The room was rather gray except for a stream of light undulating through a window. I asked Augustus if he had been drinking alcohol or smoking anything lately to make him feel so bad. He said he hadn't been drinking anything alcoholic and he hadn't been smoking either – much. We laughed as he added the word "much" to the end of his sentence. When I asked what he had been smoking, he replied in some slang unknown to me that he had been smoking marijuana and tobacco sprinkled with "horse." Mike and I rather gasped and asked if he meant heroin. He said yes, he had been smoking heroin. We thought his smoking heroin would clearly account for his unpleasant mood.

Mike and I left and boarded a bus headed south from Mexico City. I had been quite downcast earlier, but now found my spirits raised as I looked out on the passing countryside. Only a few people, including Bob Morris (a former high school classmate), were in the bus.

A man (about 40 years old) began speaking of his travels through various parts of the world. I listened attentively and was quite relaxed as we raced along. To my left I could see the sea. One could discern tiny cars moving along upon bridges and roads on the sea. The waves seemed so large in comparison to the cars, it seemed as if they would overwhelm them. I motioned to Mike to look at the sea. He saw the waves and said, "Well, looks as if we're going to get some topits."

I did not quite understand the last word and was unsure whether he had said "topits" or "tobbits"; the word made me think of Tolkien's book *The Hobbit*. Mike then explained the word meant the "tops of waves."

The older man continued talking and a few other people also talked of their adventures. I was amused, but I began thinking to myself that they were all quite foolish. They were doing nothing with their lives but bumping around from one place to the next. Then someone seemed to say to me that I was doing the same thing. I laughed and said, no, that I knew what I was doing. I was writing a play. I laughed again as I added however that I hadn't written much yet. I thought of the three scenes on which I had been working and the general course the play was taking.

Then someone seemed to also attack Mike for not fulfilling himself. I defended him and said that at least he

was painting and that I liked the two paintings which he had recently done. But it seemed that since I was Mike's friend, it did not matter much what I said. Mike smiled and seemed glad I had spoken up for him; but he clearly realized it wasn't my opinion which was important.

Bob Morris then began relating a conversation which had once taken place in my father's office. It had something to do with insurance and something to do with my leaving my father with bitterness and heading off into the world. I felt, however, quite secure in my motives and deeds, and although Morris was quite nasty, his words did not bother me.

The bus stopped and when I stepped out, I was standing in front of a large, ornate building adorned with carvings and many blue tiles in its ancient walls. A pair of gigantic doors opened in front of me. The architecture was clearly of a Spanish-arabesque style. As the doors opened, a long vista of other doors within the building likewise opened and the sight took my breath away. I gasped, "Here is the real Mexico."

### **Dream of: 10 February 1978 "Evil Incarnate"**

While in Mexico City, I took some LSD and then headed for the room of Mike Saxby (a British friend whom I had met in Mexico City in early 1978). As I walked up the stairs in the hall where he was living, I thought to myself that I wouldn't be reading any great books while on the LSD; I would simply be doing mundane things in the room with Mike and Augusto (a Columbian fellow whom I had also met in Mexico City).

Mike wasn't in his room when I arrived, but I walked inside anyway. After sitting down, I began imagining how distorted Mike's face would look and I wondered whether I would be able to confront him while under the influence of the LSD.

The disorderly room was cluttered with many things strewn all about. Out of my pocket I pulled some off-white scraps of paper with a few words written on them and placed them on the bed and the dresser.

I began to feel the effects of the LSD, and when Mike finally walked into the room, I told him I had taken the LSD. He told me he thought the LSD wasn't pure and that it contained another mixed-in chemical. I wasn't really sure what kind of LSD I had taken, but I agreed with him, and I began to feel as if the LSD might have contained some amphetamine.

A copy of Tiempo magazine was stuck in the dresser in front of a mirror, opened to a page with a photograph of a man in the foreground and a city stretching out in the background. One could discern the spires of a temple which seemed arabesque as if from somewhere in the near or middle east. As I felt the LSD, I gazed upon the picture and I contemplated how I could view the picture and feel a sense of travel. World travel, however, had definitely lost its interest for me.

I abruptly left Mike and walked out onto the street where I entered a large department store containing practically no customers and I strolled through the aisles. Some clerks were wearing blue uniforms and name tags. The store was clearly losing money; why was business so slow? I looked at the walls and decor, seeking clues for

the store's failure. Music was playing in the background.

I finally walked out of the store thinking about how insipid the music had sounded and how ugly was the wasting of my LSD trip by listening to such dribble.

I continued walking around, and although I was alone, I seemed to have a whole retinue of shadows behind me. I entered a room filled with people where a meeting was in progress; a man sitting in the room was being asked about psychology and about being a psychologist. He said something to the effect that he did not like being referred to as a psychologist simply because he had completed a certain amount of time studying psychology.

I sat next to another man who exuded the air of a strong character and I asked him if he was a psychologist. He basically repeated what the other man had said about not liking to be called a psychologist. I asked him whether he had a masters or a doctorate degree in psychology.

Suddenly I became aware that something quite dramatic having to do with "death" was occurring in the room. Up in front of us was a movie-like mural or drawing which transfixed me as I stared at it. My role as spectator began to become confused with the role of actor and at times I felt as if I were within the mural or movie. At other times I felt I was merely observing.

Suddenly I was confronted with the question of death. I couldn't simply rise and leave the room if I wanted - things had gotten out of hand: I was faced with the possibility of dying. An image flashed across my mind which looked like a picture full of symbols, among which were some white candles. It seemed as if someone was

going to have to die. I was terribly afraid and my first thought was that I hadn't been to church in years. Then I heard an unknown, clear voice in my head ask, "Are you afraid of death?"

I had to admit that I was afraid of death because that was the awful truth. The time, however, for someone to die had arrived. I had images of my mother, my father and my sister dying. When I thought of my mother dying, I felt intense anguish; of my father, regret and pity; of my sister, guilt and the image of a white flower under a blue sky.

The images passed away and I stood up before the mural which depicted about fifteen men frozen in various postures seated in chairs. It was clear to me now that the men, although I did not recognize any of them in particular, were playwrights - perhaps the same playwrights whose names Mike Saxby had jotted down for me on a piece of paper the day before.

I couldn't decipher the rest of the mural, although there was much there. The general theme, however, became evident. One man was walking through the midst of the scene and creating a kind of wave amongst the others as he passed. The walking figure was evil incarnate - and I felt I had an appointment that I must keep with that creature. He was real and I had to treat him as such. Standing before the mural I began tracing the outlines of the work with a piece of chalk.

It seemed as if someone was going to have to die. I was terribly afraid and my first thought was that I hadn't been to church in years.

### **Dream of: 23 March 1978 "Vickie Erg"**

I was in a small supermarket. A wall was missing so I could see outside where it had been snowing. Vickie's mother was shopping there. A young girl appeared and began talking to Vickie's mother about me. The girl said I had had a relationship with a person name Vickie Erg before having had a relationship with her daughter. Vickie's mother gave a knowing nod. The two separated; Vickie's mother continued with her shopping and the girl left. I had heard the gist of the story and became disturbed because it was untrue. I walked up and down the aisle looking for Vickie's mother, screaming out her name so all could hear.

I walked outside the store and I seemed to see a figure disappearing in the distance. I screamed to the figure, "It's untrue. It's untrue."

As I started back into the store, a scruffy fellow who seemed to recognize me said something about the snow.

I intimated that such things were at the moment unimportant to me. The name "Vickie Erg" kept going through my mind.

### **Dream of: 20 April 1978 "Cruel Cruel World"**

I was in the kitchen at the Gallia County Farmhouse. My brother Chris, with a sad look on his face, was sitting in his wheelchair next to the door. My mother and my sister were standing next to him.

My father's step-sister, Lou, walked into the room and asked who the boy in the wheelchair was. When my mother told her that the boy was Chris, Lou said she had thought that Chris had already died a couple years



earlier. My mother said he hadn't yet died, but he was expected to die in a couple years.

I became enraged when I heard the conversation in front of Chris where he could clearly hear it. I stormed into the kitchen and said it wasn't true, that Chris wouldn't die and that some people with muscular dystrophy lived long lives. I then wheeled Chris into the living room where I leaned my head next to him and held him in my arms. Both of us seemed to be saying, "Cruel, cruel world."

Chris then added that I couldn't possibly know what it was like to be in his position.

### **Dream of: 30 April 1978 "Horse Named Silver"**

I had a large white horse which I called "Silver." I had ridden Silver in two horse races, and I had placed third in each race. Now it was time for the third and final race. But I couldn't find Silver. Abruptly I remembered that I had failed to feed Silver for a couple days and that Silver was probably out in the streets searching for something to eat.

I looked and looked until finally I saw a horse on a little side street. The horse seemed weak. At first I couldn't tell if the horse was Silver, but then I ascertained the horse was Silver. I mounted and made my way to the race track. I thought I needed to at least come in third place to win any prize money.

### **Dream of: 15 May 1978 "Swarming Bees"**

I was with my mother in a green kitchen. A window in the kitchen led to an elevated room which resembled an

attic. Above the top of the window was a small hole surrounded by bees. My mother informed me that the bees had built a nest in the attic.

I looked through the window and could see a large hive which looked more like a hornets' nest than a bee hive hanging from the ceiling of the attic. It hung somewhat at an angle and seemed to be swaying to and fro as the bees swarmed wildly around it.

### **Dream of: 20 May 1978 "He Leadeth Me"**

Lying in a bed, unsure where I was, I didn't want to open my eyes to find out. Actually, I felt incapable of opening my eyes. I contemplated the notion that I was in Portsmouth, Ohio, or perhaps in Germany. I was hoping I wasn't in Portsmouth: I wanted to find myself in Germany. But I couldn't conclude that I was in either place. Finally, after listening to the noises which surrounded me, I realized I was at Steve Weinstein's studio apartment in Manhattan and I felt quite satisfied with that realization.

I thought I heard Steve return to the apartment. I felt his presence and could hear him making a sighing sound as if he were disgusted to return only to find me sleeping.

I got up and Steve and I went for a walk. He turned the corner of a street and I heard music in the building beside me. It seemed to be Ukrainian music. I began clapping my hands. To my left I saw about three couples doing a lively, synchronized dance. Farther behind them was another group of people.

I became lucid. I was enjoying the experience and I simply wanted to flow with it. I soon reached the people,

who seemed to be engaged in yoga exercises. They seemed to be a Christian group. I sat down and placed myself in a lotus pose. I noted that the others seemed incapable of mastering the position. They began singing a song, "He leadeth me."

I also began singing.

### **Dream of: 30 May 1978 "Alligator Tattoo"**

A crippled man who reminded me of my uncle George was lying on a porch. He had to take off his clothes and in the process he revealed a tattoo of an alligator on his thigh. Someone came walking along and remarked that the alligator was not turned exactly correct.

### **Dream of: 30 May 1978 (2) "Crying in Church"**

I was sitting in a large church - about half-way back from the front - filled with people. I had been there once before and had heard a middle-aged minister preach a sermon which had made me cry. This time a young, blond fellow stood behind the pulpit and began preaching. Even though he seemed inexperienced, tears began flowing from my eyes.

People began singing, and I looked in a hymnal for the song which they were singing, but I couldn't find it.

I stood up and moved to my right into the aisle which was lined with short pillars. I walked down the aisle toward the pulpit, took a seat near the front, and watched the preacher from close range.

### **Dream of: 07 July 1978 "The Wasteland"**

I was in an attic in an airport; straw was strewn about as in the loft of a barn. I was wearing a tie and I had my backpack with me. Somehow I was planning to sit holding my thumb out the window of the attic to try to catch a ride. When no cars passed, however, I finally noticed there was no road outside the window. So I walked over to another window on the other side of the attic.

Two men who worked for the airport walked up to where I was. I had earlier drunk some milk up there and I was now glad that I had not simply thrown the empty milk carton on the floor where they could find it. The men said many hitchhikers stayed up there.

I looked out the window where I was now standing and saw a road in the distance. A path led straight to the road from the window and no fence blocked the way.

Some men were engaged in working on the road. I looked in a mirror and fixed my tie; my hair was rather long and blond.

I climbed down out of the loft and I found myself standing in the airport. I was supposed to leave for Europe soon. Vickie Nimitz (whom I dated a short while in 1977) was standing at the door. She was wearing a red jacket and looked beautiful. Her body was slim and trim and her complexion was pretty. She walked over to me and said she wanted to go with me. Her father and aunts had called her back that morning and tried to keep her from going, but she had already decided and she was ready to go. That pleased me.

However, another girl was also in the airport who wanted to go with me. The other girl was not so pretty

and her teeth stuck out in front. She was a girl I had known about seven years earlier. She seemed to care a lot about me.

Finally, I left the airport and climbed into a car with Miss Herman (an English teacher whom I had met in Puerto Rico), who seemed a little like Emily Dickinson. I sat close to her and she began reciting poetry. I in turn recited a poem by T.S.Eliot that I knew by heart. She recited more poems and then she began to recite Eliot's "The Wasteland." I threw my arms around her and began crying as I heard the words.

The poem was short and was not really "The Wasteland." Still, it was beautiful. I knew "The Wasteland" began with the words, "April is the cruelest month ...." She saw the tears in my eyes and I said, "I love you. Not in the sexual sense, but love which one man has for another."

She seemed satisfied with that. I thought, "I will marry her."

But she was five or six years older than I. Besides, I also thought I was going to be leaving for Europe in a month.

She dropped me off at a house and I walked inside where I sat down in a room with T.S. Eliot and we talked about books. He was about 45 years old. He was wearing glasses. He asked me if I had read a book by Pearl Buck. When I said no, and smiled, he noticed my smile. I said that I had started to read David Hume's *An Inquiry Concerning Human Understanding*. I told him that I had not yet finished the book, and that I had read only the first two chapters.

**Dream of: 21 July 1978 "Tehran"**

Tom Smith and I had just arrived by jet in a large city where we were either delivering or picking up a large quantity of marijuana. We either had already delivered the marijuana and were waiting for the money, or we had given the money and were waiting for the marijuana.

After boarding a bus, we were driven through a deserted street. We rode over a bridge and three times the bus passed over bumps which made my stomach jump. I thought we were going to crash, and each time I was momentarily frightened. I started to ask Tom if he were afraid, but I stopped myself. I didn't want to have to explain why going over the bridge made me afraid, but I was thinking of the time the Silver Bridge had collapsed in the Ohio River near Gallipolis, Ohio in 1967 and 40-50 people had been killed.

A city shrouded in white clouds lay sprawling beyond the water to our left. I was unsure whether Tom knew we were in Columbia; I thought he believed we were in Peru. The bus moved on through the streets and the scenes seemed familiar. I wanted to say I had been there before, but I realized I had never been in Colombia. When I asked Tom if he knew where we were and he said Colombia, I was surprised by his accurateness.

I had begun to feel silly and suddenly I realized why. We weren't in Colombia at all and Tom was wrong. I answered him back, "No, this is Tehran and you'd better hang on, because the person with whom we made the connection slipped some LSD to us and we're beginning to trip."

**Dream of: 23 July 1978 "Freeing the Animals"**

I had been drafted into the armed service. Where I was however appeared more like a university. I entered a building which resembled the music building at Ohio University, Athens. I poked about through some rooms. One room seemed to be a type of music room because music stands were in it. The people sitting around in the building seemed indeed to be a stolid bunch. I bemoaned my fate of having been thrust into the military.

A restaurant which seemed like a Big Mac place was in the building. I sat down at a table and was soon joined by another fellow about my age with whom I had earlier apparently been discussing some books. A third fellow also joined us and asked me if I'd like a martini. I declined. But then the first fellow asked me if I would like something else like a sangria or a bloody mary and I said I would. It wasn't until I had the drink in my hand that I remembered I had decided to quit drinking alcohol completely. But then it was too late.

The girl behind the counter was a dark-haired beauty. My new friend told me she was his sister. Earlier he had also told me his sister had written a book which we had been discussing, but he now explained that that was a different sister. We sat back at the table.

The fellow at the table with me had now opened a book which I saw was a Latin grammar. I was surprised and inquired how long he had been learning Latin. He said two and a half years. I mentioned that I likewise had once studied a bit of Latin, but I failed purposely to mention that Latin had been my major in college. I was actually ashamed of the present state of my Latin. I asked him if he could speak any. He replied no, and I suggested we might try conversing in Latin. I stumbled

over a few words. We walked outside through the streets and he suddenly became quite eloquent and began babbling away in Latin. I understood, however, practically nothing.

I left the fellow and went to a little shack. A woman was in the room with me. I then went out back. Apparently a war had erupted. Several cages containing various sorts of animals were out back. It was like a zoo. A child was freeing the animals. He had already freed some dogs and lions. One large cage had many grayish-white baboons in it. The bar on the cage had been undone - I became terribly frightened because I knew the baboons were strong and dangerous. I ran back quickly to a shed which stood behind the shack and quickly slammed the door. But a baboon had followed me and managed to cram it's foot in the door so the door wouldn't completely close. Someone else was with me and I screamed with terror for his assistance. Together we managed to drive the baboon back and shut the door. The baboons launched a furious assault on the door but were unable to break it down. As the pounding subsided, I ventured a peek out and when I saw no baboons, I made a dash for the door of the shack.

### **Dream of: 24 July 1978 "Music Director"**

Austin (a fellow with whom I had attended middle school and high school in Portsmouth, Ohio) had set up a coffee percolator in the old Karmel Korn shop (next to the Columbia movie theater in Portsmouth), and was selling coffee from the shop. When I walked up to the shop, Austin was standing in front, while Vickie (my girlfriend for a short while, about five years younger than I) was working for Austin inside the shop. I approached Austin



and spoke with him. He had attended law school and he now formed an impressive figure. When I asked him about his expenses in running the shop, he elucidated the costs for me; he was making a nice profit. He wanted to sell other things from the shop, but he lacked the capital.

Vickie walked outside and stood with us. Austin was apparently unaware that Vickie and I were nearly engaged; he was obviously attempting to romantically attract her.

The following morning I was in a house and I was preparing to go to school where the classes began at 8 a.m. I was thinking about how Vickie and I had broken up, and I was considering visiting her at her house. I desperately wanted to speak with her, but I did not want to give her the impression that I wanted to again begin our old romance. So I decided not to go to her house. If she wanted to see me, I thought she would be walking around the streets, just as I was.

It was 8:03 when I looked at the clock. I had to hurry so I would not be late to school. When I arrived at the school I realized I had been chosen to be the music director for some songs in a play by Shakespeare. The play (which had the word "Twelve" in its title) was to be performed in connection with a class reunion. I reached a room filled with old classmates, but I hesitated to enter because I was wearing a costume. Nevertheless I walked into the room and discovered that everyone else was also wearing a costume. Roger Anderson (another old school classmate) was wearing an ill-fitting Tarzan costume.

I left the classroom, walked to the principal's office and sat down. When a pretty young lady appeared and sat beside me, I opened a conversation. We talked about the play. I held her hand which was about the size of a quarter.

An offensive young man entered and grabbed my shirt collar. After I pushed him away from me, a slight struggle ensued. I knew he and I would be brought in front of the officials for fighting.

### **Dream of: 29 July 1978 "Damaged Heart"**

My heart had been damaged in an accident; I was going to have to have an operation. Apparently I was in some sort of medical center. A man was with me and he called another man on the phone, a doctor, who could perform the operation on my heart. He spoke German to the man and so I was unsure whether my surgeon would speak English. After the phone was hung up, I was told to walk down a corridor and the doctor would be waiting for me on the left. I was told the doctor's name was Adenaur, an Asian name. I walked off muttering that it didn't sound like an Asian name to me, but rather a German name.

Somehow I became lost while walking through the corridors. Stairs, hallways, escalators and crowds of people were everywhere. Apparently other people were likewise trying to find doctors, because the people were approaching me and asking me if certain doctors were here.

The exertion from walking was causing my heart great pain. I put my hand on my breast and felt my heart beating violently. After about an hour, I began asking

people for Dr. Adenaur. Finally, a fellow stood up from a bench where he had been sitting and announced he was Dr. Adenaur.

He looked like he was about 15 years old, but I thought he must be in his early 20s. He wore bright, sparkling braces on his teeth. They blazed when he smiled. By now I was in great pain and in no condition to argue. He said it would be a short while before the operation would begin, and we could wait in an adjoining waiting room where there were books. I told him I would particularly like to see a book on the anatomy of the heart to clarify to myself what was going to be done to mine.

### **Dream of: 29 July 1978 (2) "Beautiful Oaxaca"**

Weinstein and I were in a small restaurant in New York City. I had only recently arrived in New York; I would be leaving soon to travel to Tehran, Iran. I told Weinstein that Tehran was the worst city in which I had ever lived.

I began to ask myself why I was returning there. I thought of Mexico City, Mexico; I told Weinstein that Mexico City was better than Teheran, but was still much too crowded and polluted. I also remembered Oaxaca; I told Weinstein that Oaxaca was beautiful – unpolluted and not too big. And the Indians in Oaxaca were so flamboyant. Oaxaca was the place I really wanted to go.

Weinstein said he never made appointments anymore; he never set a date on which he would do something.

### **Dream of: 30 July 1978 "Mexican Women"**

For some reason (which had something to do with my passport) my father had forced me to go to Europe to terminate a business affair in which I was involved and

which he didn't like. Once in Europe, I decided to rebel against my father's instructions; I took a plane to Mexico and traveled to a town in the interior which I had once visited. I found a cheap hotel on a side street and then crossed the street to change some money at a money exchange. I pulled two five dollar bills from my billfold and laid them on the counter.

The money changer's back was to me; when he turned toward me, three \$100 bills were lying on the counter. When he asked me how much money I wanted to change, I motioned to all the money lying on the counter. First he gave me the change for the \$10. Then after thinking a moment (as if he weren't quite sure of something) he began to count out change for me for the \$300. At first I was elated at the idea of receiving the money for the \$300; but as he started to hand it to me, I motioned him back and indicated the money belonged to him.

I walked off happy and as I began walking through the streets, another light-haired fellow began walking with me. I spotted two young ladies in front of us and I immediately approached one. As she walked along I casually placed my arm about her waist and suavely began talking, "Ladies, can you imagine someone having the opportunity to acquire \$300 and turning it down simply because he was too honest. My friend here is such a man, for the money changer back there made a mistake and was going to give him \$300 too much until my friend stopped him and pointed out his mistake."

The girls took a quick liking to us and I was happier than I had been in a long time. We walked along and I suggested we could go play cards and gamble, but then I laughed out that I wasn't a gambler. One girl suggested

we go drink a beer and I said why not. The two girls ran ahead and ducked into an outhouse. We ran along behind and I shouted, "We've just come from Europe. We've been everywhere and the women in Mexico are the most beautiful in the world."

### **Dream of: 01 August 1978 "Exploding Star"**

I was in a large field at night looking at the stars. As I gazed at one star, it suddenly exploded, filling the sky with a brilliant light. The light quickly vanished and in its place shone a comet which quickly changed into a falling star plummeting toward the earth. From where I stood, it looked as if a piece of the moon was falling. It was red and as it sank below the horizon, I expected to see an explosion when it struck the earth. No explosion occurred, but I was still sure people had been killed.

### **Dream of: 06 August 1978 "Frodo"**

Tom Smith and I had apparently just been released from prison in Iran. After release, we had traveled to a German-speaking country and were now in what appeared to be an alpine resort area. The house in which we were staying seemed like an A-frame situated on the side of the mountain. The place beautiful; I wanted to stay there. Tom decided he wanted to stay also, but he needed to find some kind of work. We began looking in the newspapers in the help-wanted section, but we couldn't find anything. I had decided to teach English and anticipated having no problems finding work. Tom however didn't know German. I offered to go with him when he looked for work and help with the language; but he declined.

Tom then disappeared and Frodo (a character from J.R. Tolkien's novel *Lord of the Rings*) took his place. Frodo had always been an extremely jovial character, but had now become terribly melancholy because he couldn't find work. He would search daily and return home despondent. One evening, Frodo stormed in and declared that if he couldn't find honest work, he would become a heroin dealer; at least there was a demand for heroin dealers. His decision disturbed me. I was also shocked to learn Frodo had been married or semi-married before. His wife had been unfaithful and had left him. She, however, was now about to have his child.

In our village was another young girl with whom Frodo had fallen in love. About that time I began to merge mentally with Frodo. We still had two distinct bodies, but - more and more -- only one mind. One morning I awoke and went to Frodo's cabin - we now had separate cabins - and I discovered Frodo was gone. He had left some clothes and two pair of boots sitting on the porch. One of the pairs of was tan leather. Everyone was sad and happy at the same time. Frodo had been going through a moral crisis, but now he had resolved it. He had decided not to sell heroin and to leave the village forever.

By now, Frodo and I were more or less the same mentally. I was supposed to marry his pretty girlfriend and on the wedding day, she and I stood before the minister. Someone gave her a piece of paper which contained only the words, "I do." I was given a little box.

As the ceremony proceeded, we noticed Frodo standing out on the corner of the street. He was carrying a duffel bag. When the wedding ended, the bride quickly went to him. I disappeared and became one with Frodo. Frodo

was singing instead of talking. It was more like he was talking in poetry. He was professing his love. He declared that his sorrow was over and in the duffel bag he had a gift. The duffel bag was on top of a large bicycle. As Frodo and the bride approached it, two little hands and a nose could be seen inside the duffel bag. Frodo had stolen his child from his former wife and now declared to his new bride that they would escape together with the child to a new life.

### **Dream of: 08 August 1978 "Joining The Army"**

My friend Tom Smith and I were in the downstairs office of the Gay Street House; we were thinking about joining the army. It was Wednesday morning shortly before 9 a.m.; we knew on every second Wednesday at 9 a.m. a meeting was held at the National Guard Armory in Portsmouth to explain to people how to join the army. Tom and I had sent letters a couple of days earlier requesting the forms to be signed to attend the meeting, but since the forms had not arrived, we decided to attend the meeting without them.

I arrived at the Armory and took a seat at a long table inside one room. Cards were passed out which were supposed to be signed and filled out. The only information required was name, address, and amount of education. I thought if I had a college degree when I joined the army I would be an officer.

I looked up and saw that the person handing out the cards was my mother. I squirmed in my seat a little because I felt ashamed of being there, but she took no notice of me whatsoever. I signed my name on the card

and then realized that by doing so I had actually joined the army.

Patty Pitts (my father's secretary) and John Roach (my father's friend) were also there; they had likewise decided to join. I talked to them about the possibility of being stationed in Germany.

Pitts, Roach and I then took a test which had 100 questions on it. The results were handed back and I had received a score of eighty-four. I was disappointed because I thought I had done much better. The lady handing back the cards said my score, along with Pitts', who had also received eighty-four, was the highest there. She handed Roach's test back to him. He had received a score of twenty. He laughed quietly and let his shoulders droop. The lady was puzzled by Roach's score because he had taken the test four years earlier and had received a score of eighty.

I left the Armory and went to visit my old friend Mike Walls and his wife, Connie, who were living on Harrisonville Avenue in New Boston, Ohio. I stood on the porch and could see Walls inside through the glass. I also watched a baby playing on the porch for a while. Then I walked in. Walls had been in an auto accident, had been sued for a huge amount of money, and had just received the court results for the case. He was happy because he only had to pay \$2 plus about \$1,000 for his lawyer.

I spurted out that I had joined the army. They could not believe it. I told them it was a choice between that or returning to jail.



### **Dream of: 11 August 1978 "Half-Hilt"**

Birdie and I were having sex. She had already performed fellatio on me and I was eager for her to do it again. She was lying on her back while I, poised over her head and holding myself up with my hands, brought my penis down so it was parallel to her nose, and then touched her nose with it. She understood what I wanted and pulled my penis into her mouth. As I watched my penis go half-hilt into her mouth, I had an orgasm.

### **Dream of: 11 August 1978 (2) "Fictional Family"**

I was in a library which seemed to be on The Ohio State University campus. I was in a room which had one wall filled with books and I was reading some kind of story in a paper. The story was written in a strange way. It actually consisted of two stories. On the left side of the paper was one story and on the right side of the paper was another. The margin for the left side was formed straight at the end of the sentences in the middle of the page, but on the extreme left where the sentences began, the margin was irregular. The right side was the reverse, so that down the center of the page was a straight line where the sentences began, and at the far right the lines were irregular where the sentences ended. So there was a space down the middle of the paper and on the sides of the paper the lines were jagged.

The two stories fitted together to make a whole. First I would read a sentence from one side and then a sentence from the other side. The story was about a hobbit-like character named "Ben" or "Benjamin."

As I stood reading, I glanced at the wall of books, and it began to seem that the titles of the books corresponded to lines of the stories I was reading. So it appeared that there was a separate book written concerning each line in the story and that there were volumes and volumes of books which had been written about the story. As I came to one line, I found the corresponding book on the shelf and removed it. It was indeed about the material in that particular sentence of the story. The book was filled with pictures. In the first part of the book the pictures were like those of a Mad magazine, but as I leafed through the book, I saw many pictures of high art, mostly of painters in the style of the Italian Renaissance.

As I looked over the shelf again, it seemed that not all the books pertained to the story. Indeed I noticed to my left several books by Herman Hesse tucked on the shelf. One was entitled *Herman and Dorothea*. The books had the wrong call numbers and had obviously been misshelved. I began removing them and thought about how someone hadn't been doing their job properly.

Someone walked into the room and began asking me about my family in Kentucky. Somehow, it seemed I had created for some reason (probably literary) a fictional family for myself in Kentucky. I did not want, however, to delve into all that at the moment, so I said my uncle lived in Kentucky and he was well.

I eventually found myself on a country farm. It was tobacco harvest time. I did not want to work, so when I saw it was raining, I went back to sleep. Actually, it did not matter whether it rained or not, I still wasn't going out.

### **Dream of: 13 September 1978 "Selling Insulation"**

I was driving around Portsmouth, Ohio in my van which I used in my insulation business; I was looking for my friend Mike Walls. I stopped at the Gay Street House and left a red jacket I had been wearing there. I then went to Mike's parents' home on Jackson Street where I found Mike's mother, Virgie Walls, and his sister, Carol Walls.

They were upset because they said Mike had left and gone to Nevada. I knew Mike had been out of work for quite a long time and I figured that he had probably gone to Nevada to search for a job. Although Mike owed me \$10, I was not concerned about the money.

I left and next pulled up to the house next door to the house where my friend Vickie Nimitz lived on Hutchins Street. My mother was there. The woman who owned the house said she was thinking of having it insulated. I had not really stopped to sell insulation, but I decided I wanted to do so since I was already there. But then my father showed up and sold the job. My mother consoled me, saying I had another deal waiting.

### **Dream of: 15 September 1978 "IQ"**

I was in Portsmouth, Ohio in a house which seemed to be owned by my father and my mother. In the room with me was my friend Vickie Nimitz's father, speaking with someone on the telephone. Since I wanted to hear the phone conversation, I picked up an extension phone to listen in. Unfortunately, Vickie's father and the other person were speaking a foreign language which I could not understand.

My mother was also in the room with us; she showed me four letters in envelopes with pretty stamps. The letters had arrived for me that morning; I was happy to have received them.

I finally realized I was in the Gay Street House, in my father's office on the ground floor. My father was not there and I was not expecting him to return for two more hours. Since I had a little marijuana with me, I thought of going upstairs to smoke it, but I decided not to.

I remembered my father had hidden some money over top a mantel in his office and I decided to take some. Even though other people were there in the office with me, I climbed up over the mantel and took some of the money.

Two more people then walked into the office, one of whom was Bo Mohl (an acquaintance from Portsmouth). He and I needed to conduct a business transaction. We did so, and exchanged some money. After we had finished our business, I did not want to continue talking with him; but he just stayed on.

Suddenly my father walked in looking rather angry. I wanted to explain to him that I had only been doing business in the office, and that no one had seen where the money was stashed.

I walked upstairs where I found two old high school friends, Duff Lindsay and Ramo Roberts. The three of us lay down fully clothed on a bed together and began talking about IQ's. Neither Duff nor Ramo trusted the idea of IQ's. Ramo said when he had been 3 years old, he had taken an IQ test and had received a score of 37. Duff

said when he had been five he had received a score of 55. I told them when I had been seven I had taken an IQ test and I had received a score of 127. I had always trusted the score because it had placed me in the top 90% of people in intelligence, and academically I had generally placed in about the 90% range.

Ramo and Duff wanted to talk about sex. I wondered why they were still single since they seemed good-looking enough.

I looked out the window and saw Kathy Maynard (a former junior high school classmate) carrying a briefcase in the street. She did not see me. I wondered how many people had seen me at times without my seeing them.

I smoked some marijuana. I felt as if I would like to see Vickie.

### **Dream of: 22 September 1978 "Stuffed Bears"**

My mother and I were in the Gay Street House. Even though my father had married Kay, my mother was still working for my father in the House. My mother showed me some new jackets she had bought for herself. She needed one for every day of the week because she had to meet the public every day.

Kay had appropriated the downstairs kitchen and the living room next to the kitchen for herself. Several stuffed bears resembling ones which might be won at a fair were in the living room. As I looked at the stuffed bears, I imagined myself at the fair and I actually found myself with my mother at a game booth where people threw nickels into little circles to win stuffed animals.

People could also throw other things, such as jewels, into the circles.

Marjean Runyon (a former high school schoolmate) and two other girls walked up. They all looked beautiful. I wanted to tell them I had just returned to the United States after traveling abroad.

Suddenly, however, I again found myself in the living room of the Gay Street House, looking at the stuffed animals. One red and white animal was quite large and looked like one I had once won at a fair.

My mother (who was also in the living room) had just received a note from Kay. The note said that my mother could use the living room. Although Kay had coveted the living room for a long time, she had finally decided to simply live upstairs and allow my mother to occupy the living room downstairs.

My mother told me my second cousin Don Payton was working for my father selling between \$200 and \$250 worth of insulation a week (my father owned a factory which manufactured insulation). I figured Don's commission for selling that much insulation would only be around \$37.50, which did not sound like much.

### **Dream of: 22 September 1978 (2) "Unnecessary Words"**

I had an appointment to talk with Albert Einstein in his office, but I wrote him a note explaining I wasn't going to be able to come. But then I decided to go anyway. I went into his office and started talking to him. He was a jovial person and told me mathematics wasn't difficult. I said

most people in universities said calculus was the most difficult subject.

He began telling me a little story. He said once when he had been a professor of physics his students had been complaining because the work was too difficult. So he simply told them they should close their books and not do anything. Then they were all to glad to do their work.

I lay down on the floor on my back and asked him if he thought since all things were put together so perfectly and since things moved around us the way they did that there was actually life behind their movements. He told me energy was everywhere and that energy was like life.

He handed me back the note I had written him. He had crossed out half the words because they were unnecessary.

### **Dream of: 05 October 1978 "Fleeting Images"**

I took two pounds of marijuana to Ramo's house in Portsmouth (Ramo was a friend with whom I started smoking marijuana when I was 17 years old when we were both seniors in high school in 1970). I wanted to sell the marijuana to Ramo, but when I realized Ramo did not yet have the money with which to buy the marijuana, I left.

Outside in the street I encountered Rico (a German fellow with whom I was incarcerated in prison in Iran in 1978), and we began playing a game of chase. As I chased Rico through the streets, we came to a fire station and walked inside. We saw a fire truck, as well as the beds where the firemen slept. We also saw two, large, glass jugs of milk. Since Rico and I both had mugs

with us, we each filled our mugs and each drank a mug-full of milk. As we filled the mugs a second time, intending to leave with them, Rico asked a fireman how much the milk cost. When the fireman said the milk would cost 1,000 rials (currency of Iran), we thought the price was ridiculously high, but when he finally said the milk would only cost 60 rials, we paid him for it.

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I returned to Ramo's house where I found Ramo in a room on the first floor. When I poked a stick in a hole in the chimney in the room, I could hear stones which I had knocked loose falling inside the chimney. It sounded as if the chimney had no floor and that the stones continued falling down.

I noticed McGee (a Portsmouth acquaintance whom I briefly knew in 1977) sitting in the room, smoking a joint. He said the marijuana he was smoking was some of the same marijuana I was selling. I praised the marijuana, took a hit from the joint, and passed it to Ramo.

Ramo and I then walked upstairs to his room, where I saw many little white bags full of white powder on his dresser. Ramo said that the powder was just like psilocybin mushrooms and that the powder was good when sprinkled on marijuana.

Other people were also in the house; I heard Ramo's parents coming up the stairs. Obviously they knew what was going on in Ramo's bedroom, but they did not say anything. Suddenly an excited man burst into the room. At first I thought the man was a policeman, but then I



realized that he was only complaining because he couldn't pay his rent because Ramo owed him \$200. When two or three other men also showed up, a fight seemed to be in the making, but the men finally left without further incident.

I stood up and told Ramo if he would simply sell one pound of marijuana, he would have enough money to pay the man. When I also told him he should do something with the white powder, he gave me a bag and I began snorting the powder from it.

I noticed a doll in the room which reminded me of my brother Chris (five years my junior, crippled with muscular dystrophy). The image of Chris made me remember a time when I had been with Chris at the Pike County Farmhouse. I recalled that my step-uncle Ivan, Ivan's wife, and two small girls had walked into the room. Chris had spoken with one of the girls, and then they had all left.

### **Dream of: 11 October 1978 "Pieces Blesses"**

I was in a dormitory room reading a picture magazine which resembled a Mad magazine. I began looking at a picture resembling ones drawn by the illustrator Don Martin. The picture showed a man and his daughter sitting in front of a meat store selling pieces of meat. The father said to his daughter, "Go into the store and fetch some 'pieces blesses des pieces blesses'."

I thought that meant they sold only the worst kind of meat.

Around the picture was a series of other pictures which told another story. One part showed a judge who had

been thrown into prison. He spoke with the people in prison and said he was going to become so small he would be able to whisper into a person's ear and perhaps so small he could actually go into a person's brain.

I wanted to smoke a joint. I had a baggie full of marijuana and a roach out of which all the marijuana had fallen. I went to the toilet and locked the door behind me. I filled the roach up with marijuana from the baggie and smoked it. But it wasn't enough - I wanted to smoke more. Unfortunately, however, I had left my cigarette papers in the other room.

Suddenly someone knocked on the door. I went to the door, looked out through a crack and saw a fellow who wanted to use the shower standing there. I refused to open the door. Finally, he went away. I began looking around the toilet for cigarette papers; I searched through the drawers of a desk sitting here. In one drawer I saw some Mexican money which I earlier had put there. Finally, I decided to simply use some paper out of a notebook. I opened a window and turned on the shower so the smoke would be dissipated.

### **Dream of: 11 October 1978 (2) "Ashtray In The Face"**

I had recently returned from Iran and had gone to the Gay Street House where I found my father sitting at his desk complaining about how he now drank too much alcohol. Some glasses were sitting on his desk and he said his friend John Roach had just been there a short while ago drinking with him. Then he began telling me a little story. He said the day before he had had two whores in the House and when he had told them to

leave, one had thrown an ashtray in his face. Then he had told them they could stay.

My father and I walked upstairs where we found two men sitting in the upstairs living room. I asked my father who the men were and he said one was a friend of mine.

I looked at the man and asked my father if the man's name was Don, but my father did not know. The second man was clearly in bad shape.

### **Dream of: 11 October 1978 (3) "Marshall University"**

I was watching a news program on television. The story was about Marshall University and the cameraman showed a picture of Ruth Montovan (a Portsmouth acquaintance) on the campus.

### **Dream of: 12 October 1978 "Kuala Bear"**

I was in the Gallia County Farmhouse with my brother Chris and my uncle Ronald; Ronald seemed a bit like my second-cousin Don. When Ronald saw something on the hill in back of the Farmhouse, he took a picture of the thing with an instamatic camera. He showed me the picture; it showed a Kuala bear hanging on the lines which were stretched from two telephone poles at the top of the hill. When I looked in the direction of the poles, the bear had disappeared. I wondered if we should climb the hill and try to find it. Clearly the bear couldn't have gone far. We continued looking until we saw the bear climbing up one of the poles. We decided to go up to where it was.

Ronald, Chris, and I headed toward the hill. When we reached the foot of the hill, we had to climb through a

wire fence. We had only gone about 20 steps up the hill when we looked up and saw something strange going on. On top of the hill was much commotion. A leopard and an eagle seemed to be fighting with each other; suddenly they began coming in our direction. The eagle was in the lead and the leopard was trying to catch it. I was terrified; I quickly tried to help Chris back toward the fence.

When the two animals were only a few steps away from us, Bernhardt (a German fellow whom I met in 1978) suddenly ran through the fence and jumped on the leopard. I realized the animal wasn't actually a leopard, but a wildcat. I was thoroughly surprised by Bernhardt's action. The wildcat's teeth shone. Bernhardt and the wildcat fell together to the ground. Bernhardt held the cat's legs together, but neither the cat nor Bernhardt could gain the advantage. Finally, the wildcat tore itself away from Bernhardt; I was unhappy because it seemed one of the wildcat's legs had been wounded.

### **Dream of: 11 January 1979 "Mistaken Identity"**

After speaking on the phone with someone who I thought was Mike Walls, I took a pound of marijuana and left it in a place where we had agreed he could pick it up. I tried to call Mike again, but it took me awhile to remember his number. Finally, I dialed a number and a girl answered.

After she said Mike wasn't there at the moment, I realized that I had somehow by accident contacted someone else earlier who was named Mike and that I had delivered the marijuana to the other Mike, rather than to Mike Walls.

### **Dream of: 18 January 1979 "The Old Key-Maker"**

I was in Portsmouth, planning to borrow a big blue car from my mother to make a trip south. Although I had already packed everything into the car and had said good-bye to everyone, I thought I should say good-bye to my mother once more. Since she would probably start crying, however, I decided to just leave without saying anything more.

I drove off heading south through Kentucky. After having traveled for about 2 hours, I abruptly realized I had left the key to the trunk of the car in the pants pocket of a light-blue pair of pants which I had locked in the trunk. Many things I would later be needing were in the trunk; what should I do?

I arrived in a familiar town where I knew there was a shop which made keys because I had ordered one made here once before. I parked my car, stepped out and headed for the shop. As soon as I found the shop, I walked inside and saw an old man whom I recognized as the same man who had once before made a key for me. He, however, did not recognize me. I felt like asking him if he remembered me, but I did not.

I asked him how much time he would need to make a key for a trunk; he told me it would probably take a half hour to forty-five minutes. I asked how much the key would cost and he said between \$7 and \$13. I told him that would be fine and I went to fetch the car. But then I began to ponder: the key would probably end up costing about \$11; maybe returning to Portsmouth and fetching another key from my mother would be best.

So instead of returning to the shop, I boarded the car and returned to Portsmouth. I arrived in the morning

and went to the Gay Street House. My father was in the House. He called me into the upstairs living room. When I went to him, I at once saw he was angry. I pulled up an old red chair which I had not seen in the House for about 10 years and I sat down on it.

My father and I looked each other in the eye. I began talking; I really did not understand what the problem was and I likewise became angry. My father told me I could not use the car any more. I did not understand why, but I thought it had something to do with my having told the key-maker that he could make the key and then having left without going back to him. I thought the old key-maker must have been a friend of my paternal grandmother Mabel. I also thought my father and my mother were going to visit my grandmother today and that possibly they were even going to the same town where the old key-maker lived. They might even run into him there.

Nevertheless, my father's words were still unclear to me. I really did not need the car to leave; and he could not prevent my going. My mother was standing in the doorway. I stood up and said we had never been a family which could straighten out our problems with each other.

### **Dream of: 19 January 1979 "Frauenkirche"**

Traveling on a passenger train, I could see Munich in the distance. It looked like a picture post card that Bernhardt (a German friend whom I met in 1978 while we were both in prison in Tabriz, Iran) had shown me. At first I had thought that I was in New York City. I had searched the skyline with my eyes for the twin towers,

but when I saw the two tall towers of the Frauenkirche instead - that magnificent church in Munich - I knew I was in Munich. As I gazed at the church, I noticed how the sidewalk by the church was wide at one point and how at another point the church was built out almost to the curb so there was hardly room for one person on the sidewalk.

After arriving at a little building which seemed like a restaurant, I continued gazing at the windows of the Frauenkirche for a long time. The large colorful windows embodied figures. Although the top of the windows had been broken out and could be seen through, I was nevertheless quite surprised by how beautiful it all appeared. The door of the church was open, but I couldn't see in. A fellow standing next to me asked me if I had ever been inside. At first I did not understand what he meant and I answered "Yes," but when I understood he was talking about the church, I responded, "No."

I wanted to go over to the church, but I thought that I was in East Germany, and that East and West Germany were separated by a border through the middle of Munich so I couldn't go across. The window through which I was looking, however, wasn't locked, so I pushed it open. It only opened about five centimeters and wouldn't go any farther, but now anyway I felt the cool breeze in my face.

I continued gazing at the church, the top part of which was built from wood and painted white, but dirty and in need of new paint. I saw oval-shaped clocks on two sides of one church-tower, and I was quite surprised to see the clocks functioning. Their faces were dark blue and their

hands were red. Covered with glass, the clocks said that it was twenty before ten.

When I decided I wanted to leave, I was surprised to find I could simply walk out of the building. I found myself standing in front of the train station, wanting to cross over to the church. I was carrying about ten books under my arm, at least three of which were written in Spanish. One was titled *Yo Estoy Bien, Tu Estas Bien*. One book had something to do with history and another was a Persian dictionary.

As I stood in front of the train station, a young fellow began to speak with me. I wanted to speak in German, but since he spoke English, I likewise spoke English. I did not care for him and I wanted to leave him. He began talking about how he liked to talk with foreigners and he said something about an "international front."

Suddenly a girl with platinum-colored hair stood up from a bench where she had been sitting. She called to another young fellow from whom she wanted to obtain some hash. Several other people crowded around the fellow with the hash and wanted to buy some. I immediately decided I would also like to buy some hash, even though I knew I had said I wasn't going to smoke anymore. Now, however, the desire was strong. I saw the silver-colored hash and when the fellow said it cost 99 cents, I said, "Good, then two marks."

He said, "No, 99 pfennig. One mark."

I said good, and I gave him a mark. I reflected, then decided to buy still another piece. This time I bought a gold-colored piece. Both pieces were like little rolls. I



said that I did not intend to smoke it, but that I was going to eat it.

When I started walking away down the street, one fellow wanted to go with me, but I said good-bye to him and I walked on alone carrying my books. I noticed neon lights all around and I saw pictures of half-naked women in the windows. I wanted a woman badly. I also wanted to go to a bar.

Abruptly Bernhardt was standing beside me, and I recalled that he lived in Munich. He said it was a good night for romance. I said no, I only wanted sex. I asked him if I could leave my things in his house and he said sure.

### **Dream of: 20 January 1979 "Learning Braille"**

I had met a young blind girl in Portsmouth, Ohio and had decided to marry her. Her family was rich and she was the only child. A lady came to her and wanted to teach her to read Braille, since she could not; but the girl said no, that it was too dumb.

I went to see the girl one evening. That morning someone had read her part of a novel and now she wanted me to read to her. I told her she should learn to read Braille. She did not want to, but finally she said she would learn it.

### **Dream of: 20 January 1979 (2) "Spy Movie"**

A beautiful, young, blind girl who looked like Birdie was with me at the House in Patriot. I decided I wanted to marry her. We left and went to a movie theater. Once inside, we saw on the movie screen a man who was

supposed to be a spy. He was with his wife in a house trailer and apparently she was blind. He explained to her that he had received some new orders from his superior. He had been ordered to drive a gas truck into a building in a type of kamikaze attack in which he knew he would die. After he told his wife, he went into the toilet.

Meanwhile I explained to the blind girl what was on the screen.

When the man got into the toilet, he noticed some water with blood mixed in it was in the sink. He picked up a bottle and looked into it. His wife then walked into the toilet behind him. He could see her through the mirror which was in front of him. He then noticed another figure behind his wife. At first he thought it was a man. It was frightening. Suddenly the figure struck his wife and she fell to the ground. It was then clear that the figure was really a woman. She was wearing a military uniform and looked just like Adolph Hitler.

Suddenly the scene on the screen switched to Teheran, Iran. The Shah of Iran was in a parade moving through streets crowded with thousands of people. The parade had to go in a zigzag motion to avoid hitting people.

I then noticed that the people in the theater were also cheering and that in fact we were in Teheran ourselves. Some people in the theater were holding up their index fingers to show they were number one.

I then sat in the same seat with the blind girl and began feeling her breast.

**Dream of: 22 January 1979 "Green Beans"**

My black-haired girlfriend, Birdie (my steady girlfriend from 1968 to 1972), was pregnant, but the baby was outside her, like the egg of a chicken. The baby did not look like an egg, but like green beans. Birdie was supposed to take care of the green beans until the baby came, but she did not want to. When the beans were only a day or two old, she left them in the attic of the Gay Street House.

Although the green beans had been in the attic for less than a day when I found them, they had already started to rot from lack of care. A few maggots were even in them. Thinking I would still be able to save them, I gathered up the beans and carried them down to the basement, where I carefully washed the eggs in a river which ran through the basement. Having finished, I placed the green beans in a bowl and walked back upstairs. I wanted to take the beans back up to the attic and put them under a board where I thought they would be safe.

To reach the attic, however, I had to pass through my father's bedroom. Quietly I turned off the lights in the room next to my father's, looked into the bedroom and saw Kay in the bed. Afraid I would wake her, I walked quietly past her and reached the attic door. I could hear someone moaning up in the attic – I knew it was Birdie. She had returned for her beans and found them gone. I walked up into the attic, stepped into the little room built into the attic, and started to turn on the light.

### **Dream of: 23 January 1979 "Yellow Birds"**

My father had given me a small two-story house in the deep woods near the Gallia County Farm. Although I was

contemplating moving to the little house, such a move would be difficult because I was still attending school in Portsmouth (around 60 kilometers from the Farm). If I lived in the little house so far from Portsmouth, I would have to take a long bus ride to school every day. I had already spoken to my old high school friend, Buckner, about the house, and had even invited Buckner to live with me. But since Buckner was also still attending school in Portsmouth, I doubted he would want to live in my house and travel so far to school.

After driving my car out to the little wooden house, I parked nearby and climbed out. Before heading to the house, I turned and walked up the side of a nearby hill until I found a refreshing spot to sit in the grass. Once I was seated on the tranquil hillside, I was pleased to spot some animals nearby. When three squirrels appeared near me, I mused that I might be able to feed them something. The idea brought to mind a book I had recently read about a monk. When the monk would stretch out his hands into the air, butterflies would alight and sit on his finger tips. I had the fanciful notion that I might be able to attract squirrels the same way the monk had attracted butterflies. Since I loved wild animals, I would be thrilled to be able to beckon them to me. I felt fortunate being near wildlife like that and as a band of yellow birds flew overhead, I thanked God for my happiness.

When night finally began to creep in, I stood and headed for the house. After venturing inside, I straightway entered the bedroom on the ground floor. I had already decided to spend the night, and when I found a bed in the room, I lay down on it and closed my eyes. No sooner had I stretched out and become comfortable than I heard

a noise in the adjoining room. I opened my eyes and through the darkness I was able to make out the figure of a man shuffling through the next room. Frightened and uncertain what to do, I picked up a handgun lying next to the bed and loaded it. I aimed the gun toward the figure, pulled the trigger and fired six times. When I had finished shooting, I could see the man's shadow, but not the man. Since the shadow reflected a standing person, I knew the man must still be on his feet, and from the way the shadow shifted through the adjacent room, I deduced the man was heading up the stairs to the second floor.

Since I was now out of bullets, when I was sure the man had retreated all the way up the stairs, I jumped from the bed, hurried back outside, and bounded to my car.

Once I reached the car, I searched for more bullets. When I found the bullets, before I could reload the gun, the man darted out of the house, jumped into another car, and sped off.

As I stood frightened and befuddled, yet another car pulled up to the house and parked. When three men stepped from the car, I screamed that I had a gun, and that they shouldn't try to enter the house. Suddenly I recognized the three: they were chums from high school – Tindall, Grant, and Pence. They had all stopped by to party. Obliging I headed toward the house with them and we all walked inside.

### **Dream of: 24 January 1979 "Imposter"**

Around 5 a.m., I was at the Grandview Avenue House. The telephone rang and I answered it. It was for me; on the other end was a girl whose voice I seemed to recognize but still couldn't identify. At first I thought she

was speaking Latin or some language derived from Latin, but then I realized she was speaking German. I had been expecting the call but now was surprised it had finally come. As I talked on the phone, I lay down on the floor in front of the television which was turned on.

On the phone I could hear a stereo playing in the background. The girl didn't tell me her name and I didn't ask because I was embarrassed that I couldn't remember who she was. I asked her when we had last seen each other and she gave me an old date. I was unsure whether she had said nineteen weeks or a half year, but it surprised me because that meant that she was a completely different person than the person from whom I had been expecting to hear. I was still happy to be talking with her, whoever she was.

I noticed she had started speaking English, but I wanted to speak German because I knew my mother was in the House and I didn't want to wake her up. I also turned the television down so it wouldn't wake up my mother. When I stepped back to the phone from the television, I saw that my mother was now standing in the room. She looked older than usual. I wanted to know what she wanted and I said something to her. Then I heard a voice on the phone say, "Hello, Steven. This is your mother."

I stared at the figure standing in front of me – she appeared to be my mother, but I concluded she was an impostor. I screamed at her, "You've killed my mother!"

I thought of calling the police. I grabbed the woman by the throat as if I were going to strangle her and I dragged her through the back door outside where it was still dark. While still holding her by the neck, I picked up

some stones and threw them at the windows of the neighbor's house to try to get the attention of someone inside. Finally, I picked up a broom and broke out one window of our House to make a loud noise. I wanted to wake up the neighbors so someone would call the police.

### **Dream of: 24 March 1979 "Moving Stairs"**

I was having a nightmare in which I seemed to be in prison in Iran. I screamed in my sleep and awoke my mother and my sister. I could hear them complaining in their rooms because I had awakened them.

I got out of the bed and exited the back door. I wanted to walk a bit; once outside I found myself on the campus of The Ohio State University. I knew it must be late; I was afraid the police would stop me and ask for identification. I fumbled around in my pockets searching for some kind of identification, but I didn't think I had any. Finally, I pulled an old Ohio State identification card from my pocket.

As I walked about, I began thinking I had earlier visited the administration office on campus; suddenly I once again found myself in the office talking with a lady about obtaining a new identification card. She told me the machine wouldn't function until Monday. We talked for a moment and she mentioned they now had a "moving stairs" in the office. I looked around and said, "Oh you mean escalators."

I saw the escalator running and added, "I wonder how much energy that consumes. In some places they have escalators that only run when a person steps on them and pushes a button."

### **Dream of: 03 May 1979 "Ice Water"**

I had gone to a hospital in Portsmouth to visit Dave Abner (an acquaintance from college). As I stood before a wooden door in the hospital, I suddenly realized Abner had already been released. So I turned and headed back down the stairs. As I descended, I began thinking about

Mike Selby (an acquaintance) and wondered what had happened to him. I thought maybe he was still living with his father in New Boston. Suddenly I stopped and saw an orange Quaalude lying on a board by the stairs. I picked the Quaalude up, plopped it in my mouth, and swallowed it. I quickly felt the drug take effect. First my lips, then my whole body felt numb.

I heard Walls coming down the stairs behind me. I saw that there was also a glass of ice water sitting on the board where the Quaalude had been. Apparently Walls had put the water there. I grabbed the glass and wanted to take a drink. Suddenly Walls stood beside me. He wanted to know if I had eaten the Quaalude. I said I had.

I pointed to another smaller, white Quaalude still lying on the board, but he didn't seem satisfied with that.

I raised the glass to my lips and prepared to take a drink, but before it reached my lips, Walls reached out his hand and stopped me. Apparently the water was his and he wanted it for himself. He grabbed the glass. I let go and he pulled it so hard that it splashed all over his face.

### **Dream of: 06 May 1979 "Hiding Inside A Shark"**

I and another person wanted to hide inside a shark. Someone else was trying to catch the shark.



While several people with injured legs stood around us on crutches, Kim (a friend whom I first met in Portsmouth in 1977) told me that McGee (a fellow I knew for a short while in Portsmouth in 1977) had been killed and that someone else had also been struck down in a riot. When a number of policemen showed up, I shouted "pigs" at them. On the other side of the street was a group of black people. I wanted to stand in front of the people, speak and start a riot.

### **Dream of: 20 May 1979 (2) "House of Representatives"**

The Democratic party in the United States needed someone to run for the House of Representatives from Ohio. I decided I would be the candidate and prepared to go to Columbus in order to speak to people there. I learned I would be running against Frank Harsha (an Ohio politician).

The only thing I had to wear was my sports jacket.

What would I say? I decided to say I had graduated from the university in 1975 and that I could speak three languages. I also wanted to have some kind of program and I thought I would try to obtain more money for the state from the federal government.

### **Dream of: 21 May 1979 "Heat from the Grave"**

While in the Mound Park Pharmacy in Portsmouth, Ohio, I encountered a woman whom I at first didn't recognize.

I asked her who she was and she said she was my grandmother Leacy. I began questioning her, finally asked her where she was now; she replied, "Heaven."

She said she was happy now. At first she had been in a place which she hadn't liked; but now everything was much better. I hugged her. She seemed older than she had in life – almost like a ghost.

I asked her if she had seen my grandfather Liston there and she said she hadn't. She said there was a monument of him in Mound Park Pharmacy and also one in another place. But she laughed and said she hadn't run into him.

Although my encounter with her was short, it had seemed to last for a long time.

I then ran into two boys and a dog who had also died. I had gone to the funeral of one of the children. When my old college professor, Rembert Glass, walked up, I led him over to the side. I told him the two boys and the dog had already been dead for a long time. He was immediately interested.

We had a cigarette lighter which also had apparently returned from the grave. Rembert lit it. I felt the heat and told him it was hot.

### **Dream of: 25 May 1979 "Talking Dog"**

After a long exhausting trip, I returned to someone's home where I began having a pleasant conversation with a woman with short black hair whom I knew from somewhere. Although she was rather overweight, I told her she seemed to have lost weight. She was immediately pleased by the observation and her face beamed with a smile.

My old high school classmate, Ron Hurley, was sitting behind the man. He had aged visibly and almost half the

right side of his face was covered by a red birthmark, over which he was smearing white cream.

I began arranging to take the woman somewhere so we could have sex. I was dimly aware she was married, but at the moment I was unconcerned with that because having sex was the most important matter on my mind. I inferred by her actions she likewise wanted to have sex. Although she was overweight, the more I thought about having sex with her, the more the idea appealed to me.

I weighed whether I should pay for a motel. I thought about how much a motel would cost; possibly I could find one for around \$10. I wanted one without bugs.

I went to a hotel and had a discussion with the manager, who told me that he was out of rooms, but that he was just preparing to vacate one. I went to the room being vacated and found an old gray-haired woman nimbly packing her bags. Apparently she was being evicted from the room. She was being evicted (I inferred) because she had done something with one of the older men who worked in the hotel. I asked her what she had done and she replied, "What do you think?"

I immediately knew she had been having sex with a man.

On the bed was a blue bed sheet so long it had been doubled three or four times. I helped the woman pull the sheet off the bed. I also pointed out a couple pairs of stiff panties on the bed.

I returned to the black-haired woman, who was in a room which looked like a weight room. Several people were exercising; in the center of the room, two men were on a complicated piece of exercise equipment which was a bit

like a see-saw, but which also went around and had some machinery on it. The two men were moving on it in a graceful manner.

I seemed to be watching myself from afar -- how ridiculous I looked. Although the person I was watching didn't look completely like myself, he looked basically like my double. My double failed to see a man peering out of a closet and watching his every move. The man in the closet was the husband of the black-haired woman -- obviously the weights belonged to him. My double (not realizing this) decided to lift weights himself. He picked up a small odd-shaped weight and began prancing about the room lifting it, quite oblivious that he was being watched and that obviously the woman's husband had to be strong.

Then I was myself again. I lay down on a bench on one side of the room off in a corner. The room now seemed a little like the library of Shawnee State University. I looked up; my old philosophy professor, Rembert Glass, walked in dressed in a white shirt and white pants. He seemed to weigh quite a bit more than normal. He seemed quite healthy and energetic. He walked up and knelt beside me.

What ensnared my attention, however, was the movement on the floor of an animal which I at first thought was a cat. It was brown and white, about a half meter long and it seemed to be just all hair. I sat up and looked at it. Now it was completely different -- instead of the cat, two small dogs were in front of me. As I looked at one, it walked toward me and said, "How do you do."

I couldn't believe my ears at first. I was sure it had talked, but I couldn't understand how that was possible. As I began hurriedly talking, Rembert said he had just succeeded in breeding the dog. It was white and black and about 12 centimeters long. Its head looked like a triangle. It seemed to me I had seen a dog like it somewhere before, but I couldn't remember where.

Rembert picked up the dog and turned it over. He pointed to its underside and said something about a sex change, but I didn't really understand what he was talking about. I said something about the dogs being thoroughbreds and Rem said, "No, they're wild dogs."

I said that was hard to believe. I picked up one dog in my hand and I was totally amazed. The dog was the most beautiful dog I had ever seen.

I began thinking that I was dreaming and that I should awaken and write the dream.

### **Dream of: 01 July 1979 "Out of Touch"**

I was sitting on a curb in front of my sister's home on Grandview Ave in Portsmouth, watching a woman standing by the mailbox in front of Mound Park Pharmacy on the other side of the street. The woman said something to me and at first I didn't know who she was, but suddenly I realized she was Birdie. She looked older, but still quite attractive, although something about her general demeanor was disconcerting. She somehow seemed more lively than I had known her to be. I wanted to speak with her and learn how she was doing. I crossed the street and tried to speak to her, but a crowd began gathering and interrupted us.

I quickly learned that Birdie had brought a large amount of blotter LSD into town and that the people were buying it from her. She became so engrossed in extracting the LSD from a black billfold and distributing it that she didn't have time to talk with me.

Clearly Birdie had changed since I used to know her. She acted with abandon and I was worried for her. I wanted badly to talk with her and learn what had happened to her, but the crowd was too large. Suddenly she boarded a car with a couple black fellows and drove off to make a sale.

When I later learned Birdie was supposed to go to the Harts Department Store, I went there and found another large crowd waiting to buy LSD from her. Some people had been waiting a long time and no one seemed to know where she was. I began talking with some of the people about the LSD and everyone agreed it was some of the best that had ever been around.

Stevens (a former high school schoolmate) was there; he was wearing what looked like a cowboy suit with white frills dangling from the vest. A group of children also seemed to be nearby in front of the store practicing some type of combination of ballet and army exercises. The children contrasted strongly with the group of drug users of which I was a part.

Birdie never showed up. I later learned she apparently now owned a van which she had driven to town. When I found out where the van was, I went to it. There I found Birdie in the van surrounded by a throng of people. She was wearing earphones and listening to music. I learned she had taken some of the LSD a short time before and

was under its influence. I finally managed to get close to her and speak to her without the earphones on.

She seemed dazed, but aware of what was going on, even though she appeared to be clearly out of touch with her surroundings. Her confusion seemed due not only to the drug, but in a much deeper sense. Somehow I convinced her she should get rid of all the people here so the two of us could spend some time together. Although she was the center of attention, she still seemed to be dejected. I told her I also would take some LSD together with her. I began herding the other people from the van.

### **Dream of: 14 July 1979 "Little Washington D.C."**

I was happy because I had moved to New York City and had rented a beautiful room. My old friend Steve Weinstein stopped by. He had moved to Washington, D.C. and no longer lived in New York City. He said I was in his territory now. I responded that that was not true. Since he had moved to "little" Washington, D.C., he was actually now in my territory. I asked him if he really thought he had accomplished more than I. I told him he had not really done anything. It was true he had been an editor for two years but that did not mean anything.

### **Dream of: 14 July 1979 (2) "Intelligence Group"**

I was on the Gallia County Farm; I was standing with my step-grandfather Clarence and my grandmother Mabel on the field that bordered the neighboring farm of Garner Hubbard. I was surprised to see so much corn growing in the field; I didn't remember that Clarence had planted any corn here. Some corn was over two meters high and looked ripe.

It also struck me as strange when I saw a man and a girl walking through the field; I hadn't expected to see anyone else here. I climbed a tree; Clarence and Mabel hollered at me to come down because the tree was on Hubbard's land; Hubbard would be angry if he knew I was in the tree.

When I climbed down, the man and girl walked over to us. They said they were an intelligence group from Kentucky and they were conducting exercises here. I noticed some big trucks on the same side of Symmes Creek we were on; I told the two strangers I didn't understand how they could have driven the trucks across the creek unless they had built a pontoon bridge. They said that was exactly what they had done.

### **Dream of: 15 July 1979 "Two Knives"**

I was with my mother and my sister in the Gallia County Farmhouse. Nude, sporting an erection, I walked around the house so they could both see me. I walked over to my mother (who was wearing a flimsy blue nightgown) and I began rubbing her between her legs with my hand. As my hand probed between her legs, I felt something hard and I realized she was wearing a Kotex. I thought that having intercourse with her would therefore be messy. She took my penis in her hand and began caressing it.

Suddenly we heard a loud noise and darkness abruptly fell; I immediately knew someone else was in the house. A young man wearing a green army coat crossed quickly through one room. I advanced toward him and met him as he was entering our room from the hall. I held a long stick and he was carrying a knife. We began fighting and he knocked the stick from my hand. I tried to take the



knife from him even though I was afraid he could seriously cut me. I screamed at my mother to call the police, but she was so nervous and distraught, she was paralyzed. I was finally able to wrest the knife from the man (who somehow reminded me of Eddie Swiver, a boy I had known when I had been about 10 years old), and I stabbed the knife into his side.

I had forgotten that I also had my own hunting knife on my belt until I noticed that the man was trying to take it from me; but I was quicker, and in an instant I had the hunting knife in my hand. I lifted it over him and brought it heavily down into him right where his heart was; he lay there with two knives stuck in him.

I began wondering whether I had acted legally. I decided I had and I went to phone the police. I heard a car outside and I knew others might be coming. I dialed the operator and hurriedly asked to be connected with the police station. Someone answered and said I had reached the sheriff's department. I gasped out that I had just killed someone who had broken into our house and that other men were outside threatening us. As I started to give our address on Symmes Creek, I heard a car door slam outside.

### **Dream of: 16 July 1979 "Shaman"**

I seemed to be some type of shaman or witch doctor in a primitive tribal society. A man who seemed like the chief of the tribe brought his daughter to see me. The man's image was hazy, but he seemed to be dressed in ornate clothing consisting mainly of white feathers. He had brought his daughter to me to be cured. She had been carried in on some type of bed which had a roof over it.

She lay in front of me crying. Indeed her problem was that she wouldn't stop crying. I had expected her to be only 2 years old but she looked more as if she were 7 years old. She was wearing slacks and a blouse and an orange hue predominated.

I had an instrument which resembled a coat hanger except it was white and had a handle for holding it where the hook would have been. It reminded me of a toy I used to have which had magnets on the end so one could hold it by the handle and pick up rather large metal objects. I circled the bed, aimed the instrument and lowered and raised it over the girl. It was supposed to have some kind of power. I also talked to the little girl as I did this and I told her that her brother had loved her. I completely circled the bed and came to her head. She was crying and seemed immobile. Her arms were frozen rigid at her sides and she couldn't move them. I was drawn to her and I wanted much to help her. I approached her and laid both hands on her head. I gave her a jolt of energy which seemed more mental than physical. It was similar to what a faith healer would do.

### **Dream of: 18 July 1979 "King Cabin"**

I was riding in the back seat of a car which belonged to my step-grandfather Clarence and my grandmother Mabel. Clarence was driving and Mabel was sitting in the passenger side of the front seat. They had recently moved from Gallia County, Ohio to neighboring Lawrence County and they were taking me to visit their new home. For some reason I had earlier thought Clarence had died and that Mabel was now living alone. Obviously I had been mistaken, since Clarence was now driving the car.

I looked at a map and saw that Clarence and Mabel had built their house in a secluded area. I followed our course on the map as we drove along. Several times we came to places where the road had been washed out and we were forced to drive through mud and water.

I enjoyed the view of the countryside as we drove along.

I noticed on the map that we would be passing a historical pioneer log cabin; looking out the window to my right, I saw signs and markers pointing to the cabin. Then I saw the cabin itself about 100 meters away. It was called "King Cabin."

We soon came to a place where we had to turn off the road and drive into a field. I commented that it might not be good for Mabel to be living so far away from human contact. It occurred to me that I might rebuild my Cabin here.

We drove briskly along; I noticed some houses on my left which I began counting. Another fellow was also in the car; I asked him to count the houses on the right. We seemed to be passing through a small village; I counted about 20 nice-looking houses and trailers. We passed a school that was only for Jewish children and I concluded there must be many Jewish people in the area if they even had their own school here. Then we passed a regular public school.

We finally came to another turnoff in the road and Clarence began driving quite fast, over 100 kilometers per hour. I was anxious to arrive and get out of the car.

When we finally stopped at another turnoff, I was told the house wasn't far away. A country store was on the

left which was also a type of historical site and contained a museum. It was at least an improvement that Mabel would have a store nearby.

Having stepped out of the car, I walked into the store, bought something to eat and sat down at a table where some men who looked like college professors were having an interesting conversation. The man across the table from me was talking about America and capitalism and was using a passage from the New Testament to illustrate his point.

He finished speaking and looked at me. I said that capitalism was fundamental for the American way of life or that at least it was fundamental for part of America. A woman sitting at the table voiced her disagreement. I responded that I had meant that capitalism was fundamental to America as it now was and that I didn't think the capitalist structure could be peacefully changed. If it were changed, it would have to be by an armed rebellion. I was thinking about the prophecies of Karl Marx that capitalism must be overthrown by an armed rebellion. Other people began gathering at the table. A young fellow sat down to my left, ate a banana and seemed to be listening quite intently to what we were saying.

I stood and walked out of the store. I looked about the place outside and decided it indeed would have been much better for me to have built my Cabin here rather than on the isolated hills of Gallia County. Could I move the Cabin? I started talking about that possibility with someone and he began listing the problems I would have with building permits and other governmental red tape. I became disgusted with the idea of the government

interfering with a man's life to such an extent that he couldn't even build himself a house to live in.

### **Dream of: 19 July 1979 "Rock"**

I thought I was dreaming I was walking along a street in Portsmouth thinking about how I was wasting my life. I thought I should be in Germany studying music.

Suddenly I could actually see Germany like a map stretched out before me. It seemed as if I were flying or was in an airplane above it. It all looked like a large map in relief. I flew over a section of central Germany and came to a place shaded with purple which seemed to be walled in. The purple area was supposed to be either the birthplace or the central place of activity of Martin Luther, who I thought had been a composer of music. I heard someone say Germans simply couldn't get enough of the music of Martin Luther. The central town of the purple region was called Malgrave.

I awoke, went to the Portsmouth self-help center and told John Baker about my dream. I told him the name of the town in the dream and he asked me if there was really such a place. I told him I didn't know because sometimes I made up names or switched them around in my dreams. He then proceeded to pull out a map of Germany. As he went over it I saw a town named "Rock." I excitedly pointed to it and said, "There! That's it!"

### **Dream of: 01 August 1979 "Vermicelli"**

After Ron Bell (a Portsmouth acquaintance), my father, and I finished working at my father's insulation factory, we sat around talking for a while and then drove to West Portsmouth in the vicinity of Carey's Run. We stopped at

a two-story, frame, farm house, walked inside into the kitchen and began talking. I learned my father had bought the house and he apparently now wanted to live here and work on the surrounding farm.

It was growing late, about 6 p.m.

In a small pantry room to my left some people kept appearing and fading away. Once, startled to see a black man sitting in there, I jumped up and nervously screamed, "Hello."

Several other people then appeared; a blonde woman (probably in her early 20s) whom I didn't see at first was with them. When my back was turned the girl said, "Hello, Steven."

I turned and looked at her, but I didn't recognize her. She was quite attractive and had a well-proportioned body. She said she had met me at a party and I asked her which one. When she replied it was at the Hebners, I said, "Oh yes, the Hebners."

I told her I hadn't been back to the Hebners since that night because I really didn't care much for Julia Hebner and I thought the feeling was mutual. But I did think I would like to see more of the girl.

My father and I spoke about what work I could do here on the farm, which had several barns and considerable acreage. I suggested I could raise mushrooms. Ron said that should be easy enough, but I told him that raising mushrooms was actually quite difficult and that much effort was required to train the vermicelli to run through the dirt.

We walked outside to the back of the house where I was surprised to see many people walking around. My father and Ron walked off in a different direction and I entered a side building where I discovered several people standing in front of what appeared to be a lunch counter.

I was disoriented and tried to figure out whether the building was part of my father's property. After I began talking to an old man who pointed out some prices on the wall, I began to realize the building was some type of hotel. Rooms cost \$90 a month or \$200 for three months.

Although it was a bit like a resort, all the people here seemed to be neighbors.

I walked back outside and a throng of about 20 red calves ran up to me. They were tame and I patted a few on the head. Thinking how nice it would be if there were a lake here for swimming, I looked to my right and saw a lake with a few white ducks on it. I walked to the edge of the lake and saw that the water was a clear bluish green. Some people were jumping in the water. I knew I would sink if I jumped in because I was wearing heavy brogan shoes.

Ron walked up to me and some people suddenly began pushing us. Ron and I fell in the water. I tried to decide whether to use my hands to tread water or to untie my shoes, which were pulling me down. Ron couldn't swim and clutched my leg. He began pulling me under and wouldn't let go. It looked as if I were going to drown.

### **Dream of: 14 September 1979 "Knife Attack"**

As night approached, my friend Steve Weinstein and I were sitting in a car parked on a city street where we had decided to spend the night. I was lying on the

driver's side and Weinstein on the passenger's side.

Looking out the window I saw three young men approaching the car. One came to the driver's window and motioned me to roll it down. I was apprehensive. I

rolled the window down about five centimeters. The fellow looked a bit disappointed, but then threw a large apple in to me. I examined it and the fellow momentarily left.

He appeared again, this time on the passenger side. I somehow felt compelled to roll the passenger window lower. He immediately reached for the button lock, swung the door open and slung his fist at me with fantastic speed. When it stopped about a centimeter from my eye, I saw a sharp pointed object like a sliver of glass between his two middle fingers.

The other two fellows were behind him; all three were grinning broadly. The first fellow was so close he was almost lying on top of me. He demanded my money. I gave him my billfold which contained two twenties. He smiled and then also took Weinstein's money. Suddenly one of the two remaining fellows handed the fellow on top of me a knife. I figured he was now planning to kill us; so I acted quickly. I grabbed the hand with the knife and screamed for Weinstein to help. He did so and quickly wrested the knife from the man. I screamed at Weinstein to stab the man. Weinstein began raising and lowering the knife into the man. Another fellow appeared with a knife.

### **Dream of: 16 September 1979 "Beautiful Watch"**

I found myself in a modern building which seemed to be on the corner of Chillicothe and Front Streets in



Portsmouth, Ohio where the Checker Store used to be. I was in a small reception room which had beige walls and a counter in the middle of the room. I had come to collect my mail and also for my pay check for working in my father's insulation factory.

Ron Bell's mother was behind the counter and she handed me three envelopes and a pocket watch. I had ordered the watch before; it cost around \$150. It didn't look like an ordinary pocket watch - it had an unusual design of a key and a car at the same time. The face was pure white with tiny black numbers and thin black hands. The frame of the watch looked gold but couldn't have been gold because of the large amount. I examined the back to see how much gold it contained and saw the writing 14K but was unable to see if an F was after the K which would indicate it was gold filled.

Ron's mother looked at the watch and said that if I didn't want it to bring it back and she would buy it from me for Ron. I was surprised by that and asked her if she would really do such a thing.

I walked into another room and contemplated buying a golden chain for my watch so it could hang from my belt into my pocket. My father walked in and after seeing the watch commented that was the best he'd been offered. I looked at it again and thought how beautiful it was.

### **Dream of: 19 September 1979 "Se Abre la Puerta"**

I was with about 500-1,000 male and female prisoners in a jail which resembled a large gymnasium. Most people appeared to be my age or younger.

A man in charge, who was wearing a uniform, left the room. One of the prisoners, whose name was Frank, decided to go to the desk where the man had been sitting and destroy some things on the desk. A little machine for stamping ink on someone's hand was lying on the desk. Frank picked it up. He intended to mutilate it by writing something on it. I protested, approached him and said that if he harmed the stamper, he was going to cause trouble for everyone. But he was adamant and he insisted on destroying the things in the desk. I in turn insisted he not harm anything and I was prepared to fight with him over the matter. I was on the verge of completely losing my temper, but then realized I needed to control myself. So I simply continued talking.

Suddenly Frank grabbed my left hand with his right hand and my right hand with his left so our fingers interlocked. We both began applying pressure to our holds, testing each other's strength.

Everyone else in the room sat watching, while Frank and I continued talking. I was hoping someone else might help me prevent Frank from doing any damage. But no one would do anything. Finally, I said if no one else cared, then it would probably be best to just let Frank do whatever he wanted to. Then we would all just get into trouble.

Frank and I separated and he walked over to the other side of the room. Suddenly a young fellow jumped up and went after Frank. Frank picked up a board and began pounding the fellow with it. I grabbed a chair and started toward Frank with it. But then I noticed a couple other fellows who were going to take up for Frank. Suddenly a

big fight erupted and people began fighting all about. I saw Frank head back toward the desk.

Some other people headed toward a back door and I followed them. At the door, some prisoners were screaming through a window in the door at a fellow outside the door. Apparently the fellow outside only spoke Spanish and I realized the prisoners were screaming, "Se abre la puerta! Se abre la puerta!"

The fellow answered in English, "You want the window opened?"

I replied excitedly, "Yes, I want the window opened?"

He opened it and the other prisoners and I began running across a large yard. I saw a rifle lying on the ground, but I thought it wasn't real and I didn't touch it. I saw three men in green army uniforms running toward us. The uniforms looked like Iranian army uniforms. Although all three men had rifles, they didn't shoot anyone.

A wire fence about two meters tall separated us from the outside. I looked around at all the people running toward the fence. Looking back at the building, I realized it was a converted school building being used to house prisoners. Outside I now saw that we were in a school yard and the fence was like one which would normally be around a school yard and wasn't like a prison fence.

Everyone kept running toward the fence and I could see some of the prisoners had already gone over the fence. No shooting was going on. As I ran I became more and more tired. I thought the guards would probably open fire before I reached the fence and I would be shot.

Some people to my right had found a slide in the playground and had brought it to the fence. They were climbing up it and using it to go over the fence. But I thought I would run as hard as I could toward the fence, jump about half way up on it and just pull myself on over. While I ran, I began pondering what I would do when I was on the other side. Where would I go? I thought maybe I should try to find someone else so together we thread our way out of wherever we were.

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